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## LITERATURE.

*Over the Borders of Christendom and Eslamieh: a Journey throughout Hungary, Slavonia, Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, and Montenegro, and the North of Albania, in the Summer of 1875.* By James Creagh, Author of "A Scamper to Sebastopol and Jerusalem in 1867." (London: Samuel Tinsley, 1876.)

THIS very ambitious title is by no means justified by what the author actually accomplished. His excursion terminated in August; consequently, however early in the summer he commenced his travels, it is obvious that—particularly considering the difficulties of travel—he could only have superficially examined the countries about which he writes. Indeed, like his trip to Sebastopol and Jerusalem in 1867, his tour through the borders of Christendom must have been a veritable scamper. He laughs at a Yankee whom he met on his journey for the rapid and perfunctory manner in which the latter "did" Europe; but if that Yankee reads Captain Creagh's book, he will feel that he is equally entitled to sneer. It was impossible for any one to collect much valuable information while travelling at railway speed through so vast an extent of country, and the author has, therefore, padded his book freely with extracts from old histories and newspaper cuttings. Still the work before us is acceptable, for the author appears to be a shrewd observer, and the information which is the result of his own observation is, as far as it goes, trustworthy—that is to say, as well as we can judge, Captain Creagh is sincerely desirous to arrive at the truth, and a person not easily misled. Also the historical portion of the book, though a mere compilation, gives us in a pleasant and accessible form much that we should have to hunt for through many authors not in very general circulation, if we tried to collect facts for ourselves.

The social and political condition of the provinces on the Christian side of the Turkish frontier possesses no special interest for us just now. What we want to know is the state of the Christian subjects of the Porte, and of the inhabitants of Servia and Montenegro. There has been, and is, much exaggeration, and not a little positive misrepresentation in the matter.

Servia, a most pretentious little state, is "the only independent Slavish country in Europe; and the native newspapers, which excel even French journals in bombast, assure their readers that it is the first of European nations, and that before long, and

when the Turks are driven back to Asia, it will be the dominator of the civilised world." There are three parties in the country: one the supporters of the reigning dynasty, the Obrenovitch; another anxious for the restoration of the Kara Georgewitch family; and a third desirous of the establishment of a Slave republic.

In 1805 the tyranny of the Janissaries, feared alike by the Pasha of Servia and the Christian inhabitants, caused an insurrection, headed by Kara George, a pig-jobber, and about 1806 Servia virtually gained its independence. The new arrangement, however, was not recognised by the Sultan till some years later. The province, though ruled by Kara George, was nominally a feudal appanage of the Porte, which maintained a garrison in Belgrade. In 1812, peace with Russia enabled the Turks to send a force into Servia, and Kara George, who had displayed the greatest tyranny and accumulated a large sum of money, betook himself to flight. His place as popular leader was filled by Milosch Obrenovitch, a pig-drover, who about 1814 was recognised by the Porte as Prince of Servia. The pig-drover proved himself to be even a greater villain than the pig-jobber, his predecessor. Cruelty and extortion were rampant under his rule. Men were summarily put to death—sometimes by the Prince's own hands—without trial, and on the slightest pretext. Those who unwittingly disturbed his siesta were bastinadoed. He nearly kicked a man to death in the streets of Belgrade for fighting with a Turk, and Austrian Slaves who in their visits to Servia were rash enough to offend him, were punished by having their arms cut off and their tongues torn out. "In comparison with Milosch, Blue-beard or Don Juan were men of exemplary morals and rigid virtue." Notwithstanding his crimes, he intrigued so skilfully with the Turks that in 1830 the Sultan declared that the dignity of Prince should be hereditary in his family. In June, 1839, the cup of his iniquities was full, and a revolution, under the patronage of the Porte, drove the ruffian into exile, with 800,000*l.* which he had extorted from his unhappy subjects. He was succeeded by his second son, Michael, but in 1842 a second revolution forced him to follow his father into exile. A parliament was assembled, and in 1842 placed Alexander, the son of Kara George, on the throne. In 1858 Alexander was deposed, and Milosch recalled, but the latter died shortly after, at the age of eighty, and his son Michael again mounted the throne. He was murdered in 1868, and was succeeded by his cousin Milan, a youth of fourteen, at that time a schoolboy in Paris. He

"is very good-looking, and the etiquette of his Court is formed on that of Louis XIV. When he lolls on a seat in his garden, the courtiers stand aloof at a respectful distance, and the people to whom he speaks answer him with gestures and in tones of the most profound respect."

We have heard a good deal of the turbulent vestry which, under the title of "the Skoupchtina," plays at being the parliament of Servia. This assembly "quite beats its model of the theatre at Versailles in dancing, singing, or shouting." During 1868 it passed an Act which, in excluding one of the pre-

tenders to the throne, further decreed as an amendment to its legislation, "that he may be eternally damned, he and his family." This, then, is the country which aims at, and is by some ignorant enthusiasts thought capable of, playing in Turkey the part performed by Piedmont in Italy. Not much of a model, Servia, not much regenerating power in that fickle, frivolous, barbarous province, surely.

Let us now see what the author says of Montenegro, which is the rival candidate for the position of nucleus of a great Christian kingdom in south-eastern Europe. According to Captain Creagh, the Montenegrins are a set of idle, dirty, ignorant savages, who turn their women into pack-mules, think that calling the Turks names is talking politics, and consider robbing, murdering, and mutilating the dead bodies of Turks a noble occupation and a sacred duty. A very slight acquaintance with their historiette—we cannot call it history—is sufficient to convince all but fanatical Turkophobists that the Montenegrins are Christians but in name. What their idea of the perfection of virtue is may be gathered from the fact that they speak of the Supreme Being as "the old murderer." Their eyrie is magnificent, and the occupants of it are physically very fine men, but in every other respect Montenegro is the meanest Liliputian state that the world ever knew. The author, speaking of the capital, says:—

"The village of the most petty rajah or chief in India is in every way superior to this small collection of Montenegrin cabins, resembling the dirty outhouses of an English farm-yard, or what are called the godowns of an Indian bungalow. . . . An armed peasant, who in his natural state might be considered a very respectable person, is made extremely ridiculous when called the Minister of War, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Archbishop, the Minister of the Interior, or by some other title which, borrowed from civilised countries, is here lampooned in a manner that becomes infinitely more diverting because the holders of such exalted dignities, unconscious of their drollery, and inflated with an idea of their own importance, are firmly persuaded of their equality with any other high officers of state in Europe."

The Prince, Nikita, is the cleanest and handsomest man in his dominions, and intellectually far in advance of his subjects. Indeed, he is imbued with so much civilisation that he is regarded with suspicion by the savages of whom he is the sovereign, and cannot restrain their acts of land piracy. His palace is, moreover, constantly beset by adventurers from the Slavish provinces of Austria, who seek to stir up the ignorant peasants, and to inflame the mind of the Prince with ideas of the great destiny in store for him. The Russian Consul-General at Ragusa takes good care that the effervescence thus created shall not subside from want of encouragement.

Having shown what are the qualifications of Servia and Montenegro to take the place of Turkey, let us see what the author has to tell us about the Turks and Christians in Bosnia and the Herzegovina. Unfortunately he passed so rapidly through both provinces that his information refers rather to the past than the present, and is gathered more from books than personal observation. For many years Bosnia was sadly oppressed by the

hereditary beys, descendants of Christian converts to Mahomedanism, and the chiefs of the Janissaries, and in no province was the authority of the Sultan so openly defied. At length, in 1848, a revolt of the Bosnian and Herzegovinian Mussulmans was suppressed by Omar Pasha, who broke for ever the power of the beys, whose hereditary authority had been abolished some years previously. Now the Turks and Christians in Bosnia—and the observation applies equally to the Herzegovina—are, with the exception of military service, on a footing of perfect equality,

"but the remembrance of ancient persecutions still inspires those deadly hatreds which, like the passions of Ribandmen and Orangemen in the north of Ireland, are ever ready to break out with a violence all the more astonishing because the causes that might justify it have long been removed. . . . God knows the Turkish Government is not the most enlightened administration in Europe; but it has fearful difficulties to contend with, and its despotic and paternal rule certainly prevents the Bosnians from tearing each other to pieces."

I have carefully scanned the few pages devoted to Herzegovina, which the author of the book before us merely passed through, only stopping a day or two at Mostac, but I really can find nothing which throws fresh light on the state of the district. The only remark worth quoting is that Mustapha Pasha, the governor of the Herzegovina,

"is a perfectly tolerant man; and I have met many French politicians of some renown who were very far from possessing the knowledge of English institutions displayed by this Turkish pasha. He expressed the most unqualified admiration for the wisdom of our rule in India, and I firmly believe that there is nothing which he hates so much as religious bigotry."

In conclusion I would observe that though the book before us is swollen to the dimensions of two volumes by the introduction of much utterly extraneous matter, and gives less information on that which purports to be the author's theme, yet the work is pleasantly written and well worth reading.

W. W. KNOLLYS.

*Victorian Poets.* By Edmund Clarence Stedman. (London: Chatto & Windus, 1875.)

AN attempt to estimate inclusively the work of an age while the age is still in progress is one of unusual difficulty, and this difficulty Mr. Stedman, on the whole, rather evades than surmounts. His criticism on the Victorian poets is, after all, rather an appraisal of writers in their age than in their effect upon it and its reaction upon themselves. With the relations of science to modern poetry, he makes some effort to deal; but the far deeper question as to the relations of faith and scepticism to imagination and to the emotions of which it so largely partakes is but slightly touched upon. The cause, again, of the general transition in modern poetry from objective to subjective art is one that certainly claims in a work like the present ampler investigation than it receives. With such subtlety, indeed, does the spirit of personal view permeate the poetry of our time that work which is ostensibly and, to a great

degree, virtually dramatic, is often tinged throughout with the writer's cast of thought; his characters, though they be well discriminated, being more attractive to him as vehicles for a purpose than as forms of humanity whose chief value is in their very existence.

Less, we apprehend, to the progress of science, on which Mr. Stedman so much insists, than to the causes (whatever they may be) which have driven imagination inwards to brood over the enigmas of human life and destiny is due the marked line of demarcation between the Victorian poets and their predecessors. It is curious to observe in narrative poetry how the writings even of Mr. Morris, who at first sight may seem to be raising once more the banner of objective art, are suffused with the influence of a personal mood. Not only through the chaunts of the Wanderers in *The Earthly Paradise*, but through the animated tales themselves, runs the sad wail of a minor key the burden of which is the transiency of human joy, strength and glory—one more echo of that mental unrest which, uncomfortable by current faiths and unreconciled to scepticism, complains and doubts, and aspires while it desponds.

It is of this subjectivity in work professedly dramatic that Mr. Stedman accuses Mr. Browning when he observes that, "while his earlier poems are in the dramatic form, his own personality is manifest in the speech and movement of almost every character of each person." The charge of leavening characters ostensibly dramatic with such personal influence as springs from a psychological bias, is one that may be brought not only against Mr. Browning, but against the imaginative genius of the age in general. The tendency which Mr. Stedman laments is not only all but universal, but it is very doubtful whether it should be deplored—doubtful, indeed, whether poetry, in its higher forms, will ever again revert to descriptions of external nature or to transcripts of character which do not refer consciously or unconsciously to the elucidation of the human problem. We have let the stately fabric of the epic crumble away because we have gained more interest in man's nature than in his doings, especially in those physical exploits and adventures which are the very stones in the massive and material structure of epic writing. The dramatic poet is at a similar disadvantage. Let drama and epic, however, accommodate themselves as they may to that inner quest which now attracts the poet, there is little reason to think that the prevailing tendency will be reversed, or that adventure and physical prowess, except so far as they can be made to interpret the deeper nature of man, will ever regain their old interest as poetic themes. The bias we are speaking of shows itself unmistakably even in descriptive poetry. The flower, the wind, the wave, the sea miss the significance we demand when the record of their whispers of nothing beyond themselves:—

"Man once descried imprints for ever  
His presence on all lifeless things: the winds  
Are henceforth voices, wailing or a shout,  
A querulous mutter or a quick gay laugh,  
Never a senseless gust now Man is born."

The fact that man emphatically has at length been "descried" in his inner life, is, in our view, the distinguishing feature of modern verse. We have already stated our impression that Mr. Stedman assigns undue importance to the scientific character of the age as an influence upon its poetry. Imagination and Science move upon such distinct lines that they can hardly clash in their operation. Whatever the discoveries of science, they are necessarily illustrations of law, and in the perception that they are such imagination finds it easy to assimilate them and use them for its own ends.

From the writer's theories as to the causes that have shaped and coloured our later poetry we may now pass to his criticisms in detail. He is not without important qualifications for his task, and we say this not the less readily because we dissent from some of his conclusions. He is a genuine lover of poetry; he has quick discernment and wide sympathy, and that faculty to admire which is not only the critic's best gift, but, as supplying a standard of judgment, the very basis of his right to condemn. What he is least tolerant of is the extravagant and the fantastic. An occasional passage of inflation or audacity will blind him to high qualities in the writer. Perhaps no poet under his survey affords him so much delight as Tennyson, in whom, however, he misses impulse. It is remarkable, nevertheless, that "Maud" and "Locksley Hall," in which this quality is undoubtedly displayed, are spoken of but coldly. The "sentimental egotism" imputed to the latter poem is surely a mere phrase, for whenever suffering vents itself it is necessarily egotistic. Nowhere, perhaps, has Tennyson uttered words of more genuine fire than those assigned to the speaker in this ballad. We can scarcely understand Mr. Stedman, therefore, when he speaks disparagingly of the passion in "Locksley Hall" as "the consolation of the heart by the head." On the other hand, he is in raptures with Arthur's farewell address to Guinevere in *Idylls of the King*—a passage in which tragic feeling is tamed into domesticity; but of which the deliberate pathos and balanced style are, we fancy, more approved at heart by Mr. Stedman than tragic passion itself would have been. The mind of our commentator is too wide not to recognise and admire impulse under certain conditions; but he often seems inclined to regard its presence with suspicion and to subject it to a strict challenge.

From what has been said it may easily be conceived that the profound suggestiveness of Landor, with his stately and serene, yet exquisitely simple, beauty of form, secures from Mr. Stedman full recognition. Of Mr. Matthew Arnold, who has many qualities in common with Landor, the critic writes with frequent appreciation, though he urges the want of spontaneity somewhat unduly against a poet who has given us such examples of fresh imagination and fancy as are to be found in "Balder Dead" and "The Forsaken Merman;" such unstrained pathos and fresh impressions of nature as belong to "Thyrsis;" and who has touched chords of such mournful and exalted sweetness as those which vibrate in the "Buried Life." In dealing with Mr. Dante Rossetti's poetry



Mr. Stedman is not unjust to the expression of feeling at once profound, intense and subtle through forms which have the reality of the minutest observation; the eclectic sense of beauty which, when it unites with reality, constitutes the ideal, and the charm of varied melody which unfailingly echoes the pervading sentiment. Still, we could have wished that art so complete and harmonious, and so influential upon contemporary writers, had received a fuller exposition than is here afforded. The praise awarded to Mr. Morris is qualified by no serious exception; yet we think the critic underrates the poet when he says: "His imagination is clear but never lofty, he will never rouse the soul to elevated thoughts and deeds." It is hardly fair to take a writer of such graphic force at his own modest valuation:—

"Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,  
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?"

Many passages in Mr. Morris's writings—his delineation of Medea, for example—have true tragic power, and excite the same mental elevation which attends the perusal of high dramatic work.

To Swinburne Mr. Stedman pays a warmer tribute than he renders to any other of Tennyson's successors. His examination of the poet's claims is minute; his comments are enlightened and just. Yet we could wish that he had touched upon one point that, in our view, distinguishes the author of *Atalanta in Calydon* from his contemporaries and, with very rare exceptions, from his predecessors; we mean that plenary poetic intuition which seems to transcend perception, to dispense with experience and to identify itself without any intervening process of intellect with the laws and natures of the objects described. Most great poets attain at intervals to this power. Of Swinburne it may be said that it scarcely ever deserts him. It is the faculty which Keats had, though in a less degree, and which inspired him with the vision

"Of magic casements opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn."

To Swinburne things immaterial seem to assume definite shapes and sounds consonant with their nature, and things material, again, to refine themselves into the meanings and influence of spiritual life. He sees as in a trance where objects are rather revealed than contemplated. We should as soon suspect a false note in the chaunt of the sea as in his verse when he describes it. His state is that of a passive receptivity to the secret workings and affinities of nature, as distinguished from the voluntary and conscious exercise of observation and inference.

On the view taken of Mr. Browning we have already touched incidentally. The frequent abruptness of his style is strongly urged against him, while his eminence as a psychological poet is conceded with somewhat grudging justice. The estimate of Mrs. Browning, though fervent, is discriminating, and the enthusiasm which betrays the critic into "fine writing" may be pardoned when evoked by a singer whose sympathetic imagination and general nobility of feeling and intellect have raised her to a height beyond rivalry over the poets of her sex. Mr. Stedman writes in praise of Miss Christina Rossetti's shorter poems; but the felicity of

form which is characteristic of them seems to have escaped him. At her more elaborate work he barely glances. That such a poem as "Goblin Market" should be passed over in silence is so surprising as to force upon us the conjecture that he may not have read it. Among the names of feminine writers we find that of Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, whose "Vivia Perpetua" had many passages of delicate beauty, though it wanted the robustness which endures. The poems of Miss Ingelow, Miss Proctor, Mrs. Webster, and Mrs. Craik are briefly but favourably referred to. Philip James Bailey, whose *Festus* is, so far as we know, the only poetical attempt of any note to embody the tenets of "Universalism," deserves longer and more respectful notice than he obtains. Mr. Bailey's poem, in spite of the interpolation of dry theological matter since its first issue, has great value, not only for its pervading idea—the Ministry of Evil as an underworker of Good—but for the fervour and truth of its descriptions, and for its bold and affluent, if sometimes eccentric, fancy. Similarly inadequate is the treatment given to Mr. Sydney Dobell. The outline of "Balder" is doubtless indefinite and fantastic; but the poem furnishes abundant proofs of a power to seize and incorporate the most delicate and evanescent aspects of nature and of human feeling, in which Dobell is hardly to be excelled. In "Balder," however, he is confessedly vulnerable. But the critic who can dismiss the author of the weird poem entitled "Dead-Maid's Pool;" of "Keith of Ravelston," a ballad unsurpassed in later days for suggestive glamour; of the soliloquy on the mystery of Providence—"When the Rain is on the Roof;" of "How's my Boy?" and "Tommy's Dead," with the meagre and slighting allusions vouchsafed by Mr. Stedman, writes his own condemnation and not that of the poet. We must also except to the judgment in which Mr. O'Shaughnessy's narrative poems are praised at the expense of his lyrics so remarkable for their happy and original melodies. It would be quite possible to furnish examples of opposite errors. Readers tolerably familiar with the predominant influences in later English poetry will feel wonder, not untempered by amusement, at the importance assigned to one or two names which have but slender interest for the public.

The general style of the book is clear and earnest. At times it rises into eloquence. The power of presenting a view with epigrammatic felicity, or by a touch at once brief and luminous, is not absent, though it is seldom displayed. The process employed is usually cumulative. A gaudy or a sentimental passage may here and there be pointed out; but the instances are too infrequent to be characteristic.

Certain disclosures may be found here of matters essentially private, which, as they concern persons still living, might with advantage have been suppressed. Offences of this kind, however, are but few. The book is, on the whole, generous and enlightened, and bears the stamp of unfailing honesty. We may not invariably accept Mr. Stedman as a guide; we can always welcome him as an interesting and suggestive companion.

He has not approached his task in a light spirit, nor without the preparation of due pains and culture. Decidedly, "Victorian Poets" might have fallen into worse hands.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

*Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo.* With a Sketch of their Habits, Religion, Language, and other Peculiarities. By Dr. Henry Rink, Director of the Royal Greenland Board of Trade. Translated from the Danish by the Author. Edited by Dr. Robert Brown. (London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons, 1875.)

THIS small volume makes a large contribution to the early history of mankind, as well as to its special subject, the customs, ideas, intellectual and moral condition of the Eskimo, as they were when Europeans first settled among them, and as reflected in their tales and traditions. Dr. Rink has had ample opportunity of observing them in Greenland, where he has lived and travelled for sixteen winters and twenty-two summers, first as a scientific explorer, and afterwards as Royal Inspector of the Danish establishments; and Dr. Robert Brown, the editor, has a personal acquaintance with both the Greenland and the American Eskimo. The materials of the tales and traditions have been gathered from the oral recital of natives, and Dr. Rink has added a most instructive and interesting introductory discourse. He has, indeed, subduced or kept out of sight, though he does not himself say so, some of the more repulsive traits of Eskimo life and manners; and we are inclined to regard the collection as, so to speak, an expurgated version of the native tales. Subject to this remark, we fully accept the author's statement that at a stage of development such as that of the Greenland Eskimo before their conversion to Christianity the tales and traditions may be said to comprise "the whole national stock of intellectual and moral property," including the religion, morals, and laws or rules of social life as well as the science and poetry of the natives. The hunting habits of the Greenlanders, and their modes of thought, are still much as they always were, but Dr. Rink speaks of these chiefly in the past tense, because the influence of Danish officials and of the missionaries has been such that within the bounds of the Danish possessions they have abandoned paganism, along with many of their ancient customs.

What seems to us most remarkable in the ancient customs of the Greenlanders is that they exhibit a people of hunters and fishers—whose habits were, it is well known, although Dr. Rink refrains from saying so, in some respects those of the lowest savages, not to say of swine, and whom Dr. Rink himself classes with the prehistoric races of the Age of Stone—as possessing a social and economical organisation which resembles in some essential features that of societies advanced to the agricultural stage. Fixed dwellings; the use of metals; individual property in certain articles, on the part of both men and women; the family, with marriage and rights of inheritance; the house-community as it existed in France down to modern times; the village-

community, with communal property in land; and the traces of a still wider social and civil community, coexisted with a wandering life during part of the year and a rudimentary currency of skins and other articles which are rather objects of barter than money; with the absence of any domesticated animals save dogs, and with the capture and exchange of wives, polygamy or polygyny, and also—for, though Dr. Rink does not allude to it, his tales do (see page 209)—polyandry; not to speak of grosser forms of cohabitation described by other travellers and writers. The features of social life which the Eskimo had in common with early agricultural societies deserve much fuller exposition than can be made of them in a review, but we may briefly indicate their character, observing that Dr. Rink is not responsible for the parallel which his account of the Greenlanders appears to us to suggest and bear out.

"The Eskimo," he observes, "may more properly be classed among the people having fixed dwellings than among the wandering nations, because they generally winter in the same place for more than one generation," although during the rest of the year they are constantly on the move, carrying their tents, boats, tools, and furniture with them. In North America the houses of the Eskimo are sometimes underground, sometimes of snow and sometimes of wood above ground; but in Greenland they are generally of stone and turf, with roof, spars, and pillars of wood. And in both America and Greenland, the houses are usually shared by several families, sometimes as many as ten. The number of houses in a hamlet or village varies from two or three to fifty, no new settler being admitted without the assent of all the inhabitants. In the family each person has a property in his or her own clothes, and the man owns his weapons, fishing-boat, and tools, the woman her sewing instruments; the amount of such articles which an individual can keep for personal use being, however, jealously limited by custom. The family, as a whole, usually containing adopted members, has its own tent, boat, sledge, dogs, household articles, stock of winter provisions, and skins and other articles for barter and trade. The house itself belongs to all the families within it in common, who also share in certain meals. Dr. Rink speaks only of the flesh and blubber of all the seals caught during the stay at the winter station or hamlet as being the common property of its inhabitants, but they evidently have a communal proprietorship of the territory within its precincts, for no one can set up house or fish or hunt from it without the admission or adoption of all the inhabitants formally signified; while beyond its confines anyone may live, fish, and hunt where he likes. In the society thus constituted we see in the first place, besides some development of individual proprietorship, the agnatic and patriarchal family which appears in societies far advanced beyond the fishing and hunting state, with a custom of primogeniture which bestowed an inheritance of patriarchal authority and responsibility along with the chief family property. "When a man died, the eldest son inherited the boat and

tent along with the duties of the provider. If no such grown-up son existed, the nearest relative took his place and adopted the children of the deceased as his foster-children. The inheritance represented obligations and burdens rather than personal gain." The association of several families in one house is clearly analogous to the house-community with which Sir H. Maine and M. de Laveleye have made us familiar as still existing in parts of Eastern Europe, and formerly among the peasantry of France. Like the French house-community, that of the Eskimo has assumed the form of a voluntary copartnership; but we believe we may confidently say of the latter what Sir H. Maine does of the former (*Early History of Institutions*, p. 7), that originally "these associations were not really voluntary partnerships but groups of kinsmen." Again, the Eskimo village is the analogue to the Indo-Germanic village-community, with the distinction that it is a fishing, not an agricultural or pastoral community, with rights of common user of the station and landing-place for whaling, seal-hunting, and fishing, instead of common pasture and wood rights. We might add that the vestiges of a larger tribal community, analogous to the Teutonic *pagus*, seem traceable in Dr. Rink's account of the customs of the Greenlanders, although he makes no such suggestion. Animals of great size, especially whales, and game captured in times of great scarcity were the common property of all the inhabitants of neighbouring hamlets (p. 31); and Dr. Rink's observation (p. 79) that the ancient principle of mutual assistance and semi-communism which still prevails among the Greenlanders may have sprung from a feeling of clanship, is obviously applicable to an original feeling of tribal consanguinity, or connexion by adoption, on the part of the inhabitants of a group of hamlets; although local connexion or neighbourhood has taken the place of the tie of a common ancestry. When we take into account, further, the periodical meetings of the inhabitants of neighbouring hamlets for both festive and judicial purposes, the analogy to the *pagus* of the ancient Germans appears nearly complete.

A question of great interest thus arises: are we to regard these features of social and economical organisation which the Eskimo have, or lately had, in common with early agricultural nations, as the potential germs, the development of which has been arrested, or as marks of retrogression, the vestiges of a former condition of higher culture? In other words, are we to infer that the prehistoric hunting and fishing state in the Age of Stone was one so advanced in structure and so close on the heels of the agricultural state; or, on the contrary, that the Eskimo have been driven back to the hunting and fishing state from a higher condition of which they retain the traces? Without venturing on any positive determination of this question, we may notice some indications which seem to point to the latter conclusion. Tradition speaks of the existence in Greenland of public buildings (*kashim*), such as are still to be found in the hamlets of the American Eskimo, and their disappearance in Greenland indicates a fall-

ing off in both numbers and organisation. Travellers have found among the American Eskimo—and Dr. Rink inclines to regard America as the original fatherland of the whole race—distinctions of classes and other marks of civil development, of which no traces seem now discernible in Greenland. There is, moreover, reason to believe that the ancestors of the Eskimo at one period were superior both in inventiveness and intellectual energy and in collective co-operation to the present race, and that they came from a warmer southern region, where both a higher temperature and a greater variety in surrounding nature and its fauna and flora would conduce to a higher development of humanity. For information bearing on some of these points the reader must go beyond Dr. Rink's pages, and would do well to consult the third chapter of Herbert Spencer's *Principles of Sociology* (No. 35 of the Series); but Dr. Rink's observations (pp. 70-75) on the probable origin and history of the Eskimo are enough to establish the high probability that their ancestors came in larger and closer-connected communities from a more southern latitude. Herbert Spencer justly observes that where the temperature which man's vital functions require can be maintained with difficulty, social evolution is not possible; there can neither be a sufficient surplus power, nor a sufficient number of individuals. Some qualification is, however, needed when Mr. Spencer says of the Eskimo that "without fuel, and, indeed, unable to burn within his snow-hut anything more than an oil-lamp, lest the walls should melt, he has to keep up bodily warmth by devouring vast quantities of blubber and oil;" for snow-houses are exceptional, and fuel is forthcoming in many localities, if the natives choose to consume it as such. And with respect to the proposition that "this great physiological cost of individual life, indirectly checking the multiplication of individuals, arrests social evolution," we would subjoin that the chief causes which checked the multiplication of the Eskimo were, most probably, mortality among children from ill-usage, together with feuds, blood-revenge, and deaths arising out of quarrels and suspicion of witchcraft. But it is unquestionable that the scantiness of the population has left an insufficient number of inhabitants in each locality for any considerable co-operation or progress, industrial, civil, or intellectual. To this, as one cause, we may trace the facts that the same assembly which met for festive, met also for judicial purposes, and that the only semblance of a civil magistracy was to be found in the *angakut*, or priesthood. It is remarkable that women were supposed by the Eskimo, as by the ancient Germans, to possess mysterious and supernatural powers, and were admissible among the *angakut*; although their position in the family was that of domestic drudges, and the wife might be severely beaten, notwithstanding that such chastisement was never inflicted on either children or servants. Girls, on the other hand, are frequently represented as having numerous suitors, usually without explanation of the nature of their attractions; but two or three tales speak of their beauty in terms which show that an Arctic climate



is not too cold for warmth of emotion in that direction. The following passage in Dr. Rink's Introduction, relating to the influence of Christianity on the religious ideas of both sexes, has more than one claim to attention:—

"Sickness or death coming about in an unexpected manner was always ascribed to witchcraft, and it remains a question whether death, on the whole, was not regarded as resulting from it. The fact that witches were punished as transgressors of human laws, and were persecuted by the Angakut, makes it possible that they represent the last remains of a still more primitive faith which prevailed before the Angakut sprang up, and made themselves acknowledged as the only mediators between mankind and the invisible rulers of the world. These primitive religious notions may in that case have amounted to a belief in certain means being capable of acting on the occult powers of nature, and through them on the conditions of human life. Traces of the same belief were perhaps also preserved among the people in the shape of some slight acquaintance with the medical art, and superstitions regarding amulets, the knowledge of which was peculiar to women. And, allowing this supposition, we shall find the most striking analogy between the persecution of the witches by the Angakut and the persecution of the Angakut by the Christian settlers, with this exception, that the Christian faith exhibits a personification of the evil principle which enabled the missionaries to vanquish for ever the authority of *Tornarsuk* as the supreme ruler and source of benefits by transforming him into the Christian devil, who for this reason henceforth was termed *Tornarsuk*."

Dr. Rink's book contains much to corroborate Herbert Spencer's doctrine that primitive religions, and ideas respecting supernatural beings and powers, are traceable ultimately to ancestor-worship. Nevertheless the view which all early nations take of dreams seems a probable source of some of their notions of a supernatural world, and even if ancestor-worship can be shown by ingenious theory to be a possible source of all such notions, it might in fact not be the only one. Sociologists need not consider themselves bound by Sir William Hamilton's Law of Parsimony, a metaphysical fiction which allowed no possibility of a plurality of causes.

The interest of these Eskimo tales for grown-up and cultivated persons in this country must be mainly sociological, but we should much like to hear the verdicts which children and uneducated people would pronounce on them as stories.

T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE.

*Correspondance de Leibnitz avec l'électrice Sophie de Brunswick Lunebourg, d'après les papiers de Leibnitz conservés à la bibliothèque royale de Hanovre. Publiée par Onno Klopp. (Hanovre: Klindworth Libraire-éditeur; Londres: Williams and Norgate; Paris: Friedrich Klinksieck, 1875.)*

THESE three volumes contain the correspondence of Leibnitz with the Princess Sophia of Hanover, which began in 1680 and ended with her death in 1714. During these years Leibnitz resided chiefly at the Court of Hanover, and acted in a manner as secretary and confidential adviser to the Princess, so that letters passed between them only during the temporary absence of

one or other; but the breaks that thus occur are filled up by correspondence which Leibnitz undertook on behalf of the Princess or at her instigation, and by letters from the Princess on subjects in which she and Leibnitz had a common interest. The letters of the Princess herself are full of brightness and humour, but the chief interest to most will lie in the views taken by Leibnitz of the contemporary affairs of Europe, and especially of some subjects in which he was particularly concerned by his relation to Hanover and the Princess Sophia. The matter of the letters is, of course, extremely varied, but the editor correctly indicates two central points to which much of the correspondence relates. The first volume is chiefly occupied by a correspondence (mostly already well known) as to the union of the churches, which might in some ways have better found a place elsewhere. Its connexion with Hanover is external and accidental; while, on the other hand, Leibnitz took a deep personal interest in the subject, and had much correspondence about it which is excluded by the plan of the present volumes. However, there is enough to give a pretty clear view of what formed rather a curious chapter in the history of the many futile attempts at ecclesiastical re-union.

This scheme for the union of the churches was the one started or chiefly advocated by Christophe Royas de Spinola, Bishop of Tina, and latterly of Wiener Neustadt, who was supported earnestly in it by the Emperor Leopold, and had obtained the private authority of the Pope and some of his chief advisers. The main obstacle on the Catholic side was the position taken up by France, whose representatives at Rome had done all in their power to thwart the design, no doubt very much because it had originated under the patronage of the Emperor, and might, if carried out, do much to consolidate his influence in Germany. The Protestant princes of Germany received Spinola's plans civilly, but except in the case of Hanover with no marked encouragement. But in Hanover circumstances were peculiarly favourable. The reigning Duke had no religious prejudices, but desired much to become an Elector; and Gerard Molanus, Abbot of Lokkum, the chief ecclesiastical dignity of the Duchy, was a disciple of Calixtus, and so much disposed to conciliation that his conversion was often vainly hoped for. Leibnitz had been favourably impressed by Spinola and his scheme, and through some of the Princess's French connexions had written to Bossuet deprecating adverse influences. Bossuet replied politely that the King greatly commended their pious designs, and Spinola was immediately afterwards obliged to abandon his schemes, chiefly through the opposition of the French party at Rome. The scheme of Spinola and the position assumed by Leibnitz with regard to it are best seen from a paper by Leibnitz on the "Methods of Re-union" (p. 19) written in 1684. He is thoroughly in earnest, and regards the attempt as a grave duty, but is not hopeful of immediate practical results. Setting aside all expectation of settling the question by

controversy or compromise as between hostile camps, he aims at putting both parties in such a relation to each other that they may unite in recognising a common authority without previous confession of error or tender of submission. That authority could be no other than the Church in its General Councils. But the serious obstacle to this, in the view of both Spinola and Leibnitz, was the Council of Trent, which the Catholics regarded as oecumenical, and therefore final on matters of doctrine, and to which there was not the least hope that the Protestants would ever submit. But was this dispute sufficient to prevent communion? Leibnitz and Spinola thought not. The Protestants admitted the promised infallibility of the Church in its General Councils, and were thus in a spirit of submission, and their denial of the oecumenicity of the particular Council of Trent might very properly be regarded by the Catholics as an invincible error on a point of fact. If this view were correct the Protestants were formal, not material heretics, and there was no reason why communion should not be established between them and the Catholics, without either abandoning their fundamental positions. Of course it was not proposed that matters should stop here, but this point once recognised it would obviously be possible for the administrative power of the Church to seize a favourable conjuncture for calling a new Council which both parties should recognise as oecumenical, and at which the chief clergy of the Protestant Church should assist as members. The Council of Trent would thus be practically set aside, and the two parties enabled to compose their differences on equal terms and in submission to a common authority; and this being done it seemed possible to these singularly moderate theologians (Leibnitz, be it remembered, looking only to the Confession of Augsburg), considering the explanations the Catholic party, or many of them, were now giving of the dogmas defined at Trent, and the spirit of toleration exhibiting itself in matters of discipline, that no difference might be left between them sufficient to endanger a permanent reunion.

This hopeful scheme had been in abeyance for some time when Leibnitz had his interest reawakened in it, and at the same time a way presented itself for making another attempt to remove the disguised hostility of France. A sister of the Princess, who was Abbess of Maubuisson, naturally desired her conversion, and sent her a work by M. Fontanier Pelisson which led the way to a discussion of the point on which Spinola based his project of union. The means of communication was through a very zealous lady, M<sup>me</sup>. de Brinon, who was secretary to M<sup>me</sup>. de Maubuisson, and had for some time been superintendent of St. Cyr. Such an avenue led directly to Bossuet and the King; and Leibnitz was not slow in taking advantage of it. He opened a correspondence with M. Pelisson, and another with M<sup>me</sup>. de Brinon, the latter of which was devoted to Spinola's project, and really directed to Bossuet, who was himself shortly brought into it. With a view to a more systematic discussion from the Protestant side, an elaborate exposition of the question

was drawn up by Molanus and sent to Bossuet, who replied in his *Reflections*. What Leibnitz and Molanus wanted, and what Bossuet for obvious reasons did not choose to give, was a distinct approval or condemnation of the scheme of Spinola. His opinion, however, is clear enough, as at the end of his *Reflections* he says that he must hold those who differed from him as *opiniâtres et hérétiques*, at which Leibnitz seems hurt—rather unreasonably, as he and Molanus had challenged an expression of opinion in these terms. They might, however, complain that Bossuet was not willing to argue with them on the field they had chosen, and was rather inclined to carry away the discussion to justify the opinion held by Catholics of the Council of Trent, which was plainly not relevant to the argument of Leibnitz. But it is evident that Bossuet regards the matter as of slight practical consequence, and is brought into the correspondence partly from courtesy to such important persons as the Princess and Leibnitz, and partly from the hope that the Protestant theologians, having been induced to go so far, might perhaps go farther.

The other prominent central point is the relation in which the Princess Sophia stood personally to the question of the Hanoverian succession. In this also Leibnitz was strongly interested, both from his attachment to the House of Hanover and the firm persuasion which he held, with other politicians of the day, that it deeply concerned Europe that England should not in any event be brought under the influence of France. It is pretty clear that he had an important part in bringing the Princess to take the position she ultimately assumed. She had at first maintained an attitude of indifference, if not of opposition, which had not a little embarrassed King William, especially after the death of the Duke of Gloucester had rendered the question imminent, and the opening of the Spanish succession had made its favourable settlement of greatly increased importance to the permanent success of his life-struggle with France. It is true that the Act of Settlement had given the Princess and her issue the right of succession. But it was desirable, looking forward to the possibilities of confusion and hostile action, that it should be so settled that there might be no hesitation on either side, and no fatal moment of suspense which might afford an opportunity to the enemies of the Protestant succession. In this view it was all-important that the readiness of the Princess or her son to assume the throne when vacant should be definitely ascertained. She herself evidently hesitated. She speaks, occasionally, in the half-jesting manner which was habitual to her, of the prospects of her wearing the English crown, but whenever an attempt is made to obtain her consent she evades the matter with graceful dexterity, and rather indicates an opinion that the son of James III., whom she invariably terms the Prince of Wales, was the natural successor. In this she seems partly to have been influenced by a regard to his right of succession, and partly, also, the crown of England, looking to its past history and the factions which assailed and impeded its present possessor, seemed to her an acquisition that was scarcely desirable

or even permanent. Much more, apparently, did she feel the difficulties in the way of her son, who was a foreigner and accustomed to absolute rule in his own territory. These were the obstacles that Leibnitz and others had to overcome; and they did overcome them to this extent, that at last the Princess, in a letter which has not been found, expressed her willingness to follow the counsel of the King. It does not by any means seem plain that she intended by this expression to signify her ultimate acceptance of the succession, but the times were too urgent and the King too wise to attempt any further explanation, and no answer was returned from England until after the Parliament of 1701 had done what was wanted. Then it appeared that the Princess had gone too far to retreat, and she was practically committed to the acceptance of the succession. After this time, of course, the communications with England grew frequent, though sometimes delicate and circuitous, and the whole correspondence will be rather interesting to those who care for the personal phases of political history. ALEXANDER GIBSON.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*The Popular Idol.* By William Mackay. Two Vols. (London: R. Bentley & Son, 1876.)

*Constantia.* By the Author of "One Only." Two Vols. (London: Sampson Low & Co., 1876.)

*Clevedon.* By Stephen Yorke. Two Vols. (London: H. S. King & Co., 1876.)

*A Winter Story.* By the Author of "The Rose Garden." (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1875.)

*Sister Anna; or, Could Aught Atone?* By Mrs. Boulter. Three Vols. (London: Hurst & Blackett, 1876.)

*Beauchamp's Career.* By George Meredith. Three Vols. (London: Chapman & Hall, 1876.)

*The Popular Idol* is an Irish tale, intended to depict one of those numerous pinchbeck imitators of Daniel O'Connell, who are to local politics in remote nooks of Ireland what the great demagogue was to the whole country. There is a slight love-story interwoven with the main texture, but it is altogether subordinate to the political sketch. This latter displays some cleverness and knowledge of the subject, and there are observations thrown out here and there which show that Mr. Mackay has really watched the habits of the peasantry for himself, and has not merely written them up at second-hand. But the author of the present novel has made a double mistake in his otherwise clever portrait of Michael Eugene Murphy, Esq., the popular idol of the work. He has, in the first place, though describing him as a man of ancient family and some wealth, who studied at the University of Dublin, became Auditor of the College Historical Society (a position equivalent among the students to President of the Union at Oxford or Cambridge), subsequently qualified as a barrister, and spent much time in foreign travel, nevertheless made him speak invariably with the idiom and the vocalisation of the lowest peasant class. This is altogether an error.

Educated and uneducated persons may speak with precisely the same accent, if some local peculiarity be strongly marked, but they will not pronounce their words in the same way, will not use the same turns of grammar, nor give the same value to vowels. The other mistake is that, setting his hero down in the part of Cork bordering on Kerry, he has minutely copied Thackeray's Captain Costigan in dialect, whereas the gallant parent of the Fotheringay spoke the purest Dublin brogue, as entirely diverse from that of south-west Munster as Yorkshire is from Devon. It is the lower class Leinster shopkeeper or tenant-farmer, not the Munster squire of superior education, that we have set before us, but if Mr. Mackay had read a clever yet forgotten novel of fifty years back, the *Anglo-Irish*, he would have found there the very social type he has tried unsuccessfully to draw. His own orthography might occasionally have been improved by reference to a dictionary, which would have told him, among other matters, that there is no such word as "agriculturalist," that "conventicle" is not the same thing as "convent," and that the spelling *rythmn*, though bold and ingenious, has not hitherto made its footing good. *The Popular Idol* has merits, and shows promise, but it does not deserve to rank with *Castle Daly* as a national story or picture of manners.

*Constantia* is a novelette of exceptional merit, which derives nearly all its interest from its careful and delicate sketches of character, for there is only just incident enough to bring out the various types introduced, while the whole is framed in scenery, partly in the flat Midlands and partly in Devon, which has been touched in with a keen eye for local colour. The whole book continually suggests Miss Thackeray's manner, and certainly belongs to the same school of art, without being in any sense a copy. But its cool and subdued handling continually recalls *Old Kensington*, and, it is much to be able to add, without causing it to suffer by the comparison. The motive of the story, too, more directly suggests in its opening that other tale by the same accomplished writer, the *Sleeping Beauty*, though the *Constantia* of the book before us belongs to a much higher order of woman than the Cecilia of that charming adaptation of an old solar myth. The whole is a mere sketch, one would say in sepia and greys, often no more than indicating by a subtle touch the ideas which the author means to suggest, but never failing to call up the corresponding impression in the reader's mind. There is thus no sense of effort, and each type presented is recognisable as a natural and possible one, while, with judgment not always exhibited by lady novelists, the men of the book are left very much more in mere outline than the women, one of which latter, the mischief-maker of the story, is drawn with much cleverness and insight, and without either the exaggerated evil or the unreal remorse that a less conscientious artist would have probably thrown in to heighten the effect.

*Clevedon* is written with some power of analysis, and also some graphic faculty for describing the rugged scenery of certain parts of Yorkshire, but Mr. Yorke has not let



his characters act out their parts sufficiently of themselves without his aid as chorus, and there seems an incompleteness in the delineation of the thought and manners of the society he undertakes to draw, chiefly in that the level of culture he occasionally attributes to some of his personages is out of keeping with their other surroundings. The intellectual standard of the northern counties of England among the people is unquestionably much higher than that of the south, but there goes with it, contrary to Ovid's maxim, a somewhat increased ruggedness, due, it would seem, to increased reluctance to put up with fools, as they must be put up with if society is to be carried on. A heroine in real life of the station of Mr. Yorke's Jenny Parker might easily be just as musical and just as loveable, but she would not quote Coleridge's less known poems to herself, nor talk of elective affinities to a friend. That is the London young lady, not the Yorkshire lass, and the incongruity hurts the point of the book.

A *Winter Story*, recognisable as reprinted from the *Monthly Packet*, fully sustains the level reached by its author in the two very pleasing books named on its title-page, *The Rose Garden* and *Thorpe Regis*. The outline of the tale is extremely simple; how a man who had retired for many years into morbid solitude through remorse for a fatal accident of which he had been the instrument, is gradually won back to activity and wholesome views of life by a series of seeming trifles. The book is religious, and has a moral, but the former quality is not obtrusive, and the latter adjunct is not goody. Besides, the writer has a very keen eye for scenery, and for the details of country life, which are worked into her story with considerable skill, while it is ample praise for the happy sketch of the old servant-woman of the piece to say that she counts kin with Mrs. Poyser. One trifling detail, moreover, shows keener observation than is usual, being nothing other than a psychological study in outline of a particular cat, which shows that the author has fully realised what those who have not given special heed to those intelligent creatures do not seem to know, their very marked individualities of temperament, quite as clearly defined as those of dogs themselves.

The central notion of the plot of *Sister Anna* resembles that of *East Lynne*, but is worked out in an entirely different fashion. The book has at any rate one merit, that of courage in attempting to revive the style of the Minerva Press, which was in its turn an attempt to imitate the diction of Mrs. Radcliffe. Mrs. Boulter's imagination is always at top strain, and her language is altogether too fine for anything except a Surrey melodrama of the old school. Grandiloquent is not quite the phrase which expresses it, although there are touches of that quality now and then, but highfaluting may serve instead. If she had condescended to a little homeliness now and then, there are some situations and scenes in her book which are not badly conceived, but the swelling pomp of her style is too much for her little cock-boat of a story, which gets carried away blindly by a flood in the third volume, suggesting memories of Mr. Charles Reade,

but not to Mrs. Boulter's advantage. If she would try her hand for her next book or two at an experiment which has been attempted by others with some success of late years, that of turning some well-known work of fiction into words of one syllable, without sacrificing the sense, she might after that discipline essay another novel, and it would very possibly and very easily be more readable than *Sister Anna*.

When Mr. George Meredith produced the *Shaving of Shagpat*, now many years ago, the fertility of invention in that clever book made its readers cheerfully condone its defects of local colour, which betrayed the author's unfamiliarity with the Arab East. It was such as to forecast, as time would decide, either a series of sparkling romances, or a devotion to the stage for the production of spectacular extravaganzas such as Mr. Planché used to write and M<sup>me</sup>. Vestris get up in the old Lyceum days. Neither anticipation has been realised, and of the comparatively few books which Mr. Meredith wrote after his initial success, the only one whose memory he cares to preserve on his title-page is one which, though written with a certain *verve*, had rather too much of the Shandean flavour, too long kept, to leave a very pleasant taste in the mouth. The first few pages of *Beauchamp's Career*, reminding one of Sallust's moralising at the beginning of his *Catiline*, show that Mr. Meredith has passed from the influences of the Rabelaisian humour of Swift and Sterne to the very diverse type of Mr. Carlyle, and thus by derivation to the genius who chiefly affected even his style, Jean Paul Richter. He has been almost too lavish of material in this new story, which contains quite half as much again as the ordinary three-volume novel, and thus, perhaps, overdoes the very justifiable reaction from the thin textures which are more commonly offered. This fault was exemplified markedly about sixty years ago in the *Two Emilys*, one of those "Canterbury Tales" of the Misses Lee, another of which served Lord Byron as the groundwork of his *Werner*. This story is so crowded with incident—and very well managed incident too—that although it occupies less than half of one of the two volumes of Bentley's reprint in the "Standard Novels," yet it produces on the reader the effect of an exceptionally long narrative, and causes some fatigue from that one cause. And so, a little less lavishness would have improved *Beauchamp's Career* as a story to be read at once, though no doubt helping materially to keep up its interest when issued by instalments. But the kind of story Mr. Meredith has undertaken to write belongs to a school equally removed from Sterne and from Carlyle, for it bears more resemblance to Mr. Hannay's novels than to any others with which we can compare it; yet though written with much pains, considerable cleverness, and occasional sparkle, it exhibits too much effort, and has little of the ease and paradoxical quaintness of *Singleton Fontenoy* and *Eustace Conyers*, from whose politics it is also amusingly divergent. There is not much plot, but, as already observed, there is a good deal of incident, and some of the social types are cleverly sketched, though, in the electioneering scenes, Mr. Meredith

has been surpassed by more than one predecessor. The end of the book will dissatisfy most readers, and as there is no sufficient artistic reason to make it necessary, it might be cut out and recast in any future edition, just as Lord Lytton dealt, on further consideration, with his *Lucretia*. But we rise from perusal with the conviction that it is not as a novelist that Mr. Meredith can look for a permanent name in literature. As critic or essayist there is probably a career open to him.

RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE.

#### CURRENT LITERATURE.

*Dante and Beatrice from 1282 to 1290: a Romance*, by Roxburghe Lothian (Henry S. King and Co.), is a drearily instructive story of the type of Becker's *Gallus*, only that there exists no class of schoolboys for whom it is worth while to sugar the pill of the antiquities of mediæval Florence. The writer possesses a great mass of information which he remorselessly showers upon us, with references even to MSS. in the Laurentian Library stuck in the middle of the text. There is no plot to the story, which is a collection of overlaid pictures heightened by coarse attempts at comedy. Dante has told the story of his love for Beatrice with such exquisite delicacy and tender reserve that none but a clumsy hand would venture to tear aside the veil. In spite of his erudition the author has little sympathy with the times, and his pictures are drawn indiscriminately from every part of the Middle Ages without any feeling for the peculiar features of the epoch which he has chosen. His Florentines talk the language of Shakspeare's clowns, and interlard their speeches with interjections such as "pardye," "cocks popolorum," and "gemminy cramminy." Moreover they never converse, but indulge in long orations: perhaps conversation is regarded as a modern discovery unfit for those severer days. So far as the book has a purpose, it is to vindicate the reality of Dante's love for a personal Beatrice, and also to set forth strongly the anti-papal interpretation of his writings. The tedious dullness of the book might be pardoned, but its offensive Protestantism is entirely unpardonable. The villain of the book is a friar Peter, a brother of Falco Portinari, who is an inquisitor in Florence, and is always threatening Dante and Beatrice with the Holy Office. He behaves himself in such a way as a scurrilous German of Luther's time would have represented a friar on the stage. The pitch of absurdity is reached when the Cardinal Latino makes love to Beatrice, offers to set aside her marriage with Simone de' Bardi and make her an abbess at Rome, and threatens her with the rack for herself and Dante in case of refusal. If Dante had to do with ecclesiastics of the type here described, we can only wonder at the extreme moderation of his language in the *Divina Commedia*. Among other remarks of the Cardinal, he says to his cook, "My stomach is flighty and my bowels are speculative."

*Memoirs of the Sansons. From Private Notes and Documents, 1688—1847.* Edited by Henry Sanson, late Executioner of the Court of Justice of Paris. (Chatto and Windus.) We were prepared to receive the publication of this work with repugnance, and must admit that perusal has not tended to remove our prejudices. The literature of the scaffold is certainly not the most improving or desirable of studies, and it is only when throwing a new light on some doubtful event, or rehabilitating the character of an unhappy victim, that resort should be had to its pages. The mere recapitulation of deeds of blood, of the terrors of torture, and of the weakness or fortitude of the sufferers, is a species of composition scorned by all but the prurient and the morbid. It may, however, be as well to state that grave doubts

have been expressed across the Channel regarding the genuineness of the so-called Memoirs. To speak plainly, the work has been stigmatised as an impudent fabrication with as much affinity to truth as has a dust-particle with a chemical solution. According to the *Temps* of March 3, 1875, the book owes its origin to the fertile brain of a novelist and not to any historical source whatever. In our issue of March 13 of last year we quoted the remarks of our Parisian contemporary, and we have, therefore, only to remind our readers of the statement there made that it was concocted by M. Dupray de la Mahérie, with the assistance of M. D'Olbreuse. The writer in the *Temps* says also that, as to the Memoirs, the novelists who assumed their paternity have here and there respected the truth of facts, but it was pure concession on their part. We believe that those who will consider it worth their while to examine these volumes for themselves will arrive very much at the same conclusion as the critic in the *Temps*. Let the reader glance at the story which causes Sanson de Longval to enter upon the duties of executioner, at the whole mass of family traditions, at the anecdote of the interview between Louis XVI. and the headsman, and at the different accounts recorded in the Diary of Charles Henri Sanson, and though the boundaries of human credulity are difficult to define, we think that here belief will have reached its limit. Even were the book a genuine compilation it could not be read with enjoyment.

*Shakespeare's Plays; a Chapter of Stage History. An Essay on the Shakespearian Drama.* By A. H. Paget. (John Wilson.) As Mr. J. O. Halliwell, Mr. C. Roach Smith, and "other gentlemen qualified to advise," suggested to Mr. Paget the publication of "the following pages," "originally prepared as a paper to be read before the Leicester Literary and Philosophical Society early in the present year [1875]," Mr. Paget cannot be accused of rushing rashly into print; but it must be said that his pamphlet is but of slight texture. It is a rapid sketch of the stage representation of Shakspeare's plays from Burbage down to Mr. Irving. The subject is an excellent one, and deserves a more thorough treatment than it has ever yet received. Mr. Paget deals with it in a pleasant gossiping way, by no means exhausting it, nor, we should suppose, himself. This quotation from "a manuscript epitaph in the British Museum"—another MS. epitaph is given in the Variorum—on Richard Burbage is worth giving:—

"Tyrant Macbeth with unwasht bloody hand  
We vainly now may hope to understand."

Perhaps the difficulty of Macbeth's character has not always been enough appreciated; the light and shade of it not adequately recognised. As Mr. Paget quotes from Flecknoe's poetry, we wonder he does not give the fuller passage on Burbage from Flecknoe's *Short Discourse of the English Stage*, 1664. The right reading in Corbett's famous lines in his *Iter Boreale* is "would," not "should have said," as *vice versâ* the Foio in *Macbeth*, V. v. is "she should have died hereafter." As a critic, Mr. Paget is, perhaps, a little wanting in judgment. He quite loses his head over Mr. Irving's Hamlet. But he has some good remarks as to the ordinary stage versions of *Macbeth*:—

"The Italian custom of blending music with action had been naturalised in Franco, and came over here with other French fashions. Accordingly he turned *Macbeth* into a sort of melodrama, with interpolated songs and choruses set by Matthew Locke. After seventy years, indeed, Davenant's version was laid aside; but scarcely a manager has yet ventured to present *Macbeth* without these clumsy musical scenes, which cling like brambles to the skirts of the tragedy, delay its progress, and are utterly foreign to the true spirit of the poem."

This, of course, was written before the Lyceum version was exhibited.

*Leyden's Life and Poems.* (Kelso: Rutherford.) Leyden was an excellent example of the

*perfervidum ingenium Scotorum.* He was the son of a Teviotdale peasant; he wrote a long poem on his native land which reminds us alternately of Goldsmith and the introductions to "Marmion;" he was useful to Scott in collecting materials for the minstrelsy of the Scottish Border; and wrote ballads that are not so much worse than Scott's second best. He imagined he might have been a great poet; he probably would have been a great Orientalist if his feverish and insatiable industry had not fatally aggravated the risk of the transfer to a tropical climate. Last year was the centenary of his birth, and a Border publisher has thought it well to honour the Border poet by printing his works with Scott's generous memoir, and a supplementary memoir containing a fuller account of Leyden's oddities and his readiness to forestal his fame than Scott would have ever cared to give, and some proofs not quite superfluous that his collaboration with Scott was rather a result than a cause of such literary position as Leyden achieved before he left for India. There are some sufficiently pretty illustrations of Border scenery, the inevitable *fac-similes* of Leyden's handwriting, and, what might have really been spared, a full report of a dinner held in honour of the centenary four days before the real date to suit the convenience of the company.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. ST. GEORGE MIVART will shortly publish, through Messrs. Henry S. King and Co., a volume entitled *Contemporary Evolution*. This will be a review of the present course and tendency of philosophical speculation, scientific advance, and social and political change, in so far as they affect Christianity. It will also discuss the probable effects upon the Church and society generally of the further continuation of the process of evolution. In addition it touches on the effect which may hereafter be produced on Christian art by the further evolution of Catholic opinion.

MR. CHARLES DUKE YONGE, Regius Professor of Modern History in Queen's College, Belfast, has in the press a *Life of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France*, which will be published in two volumes by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. T. WILSON has in the press a work entitled *James the Second and the Duke of Berwick*, which will be published during the coming season by Messrs. Henry S. King and Co.

UNDER the title of *Stray Studies in Italy and England*, Mr. John Richard Green is about to publish a volume of essays, historical, social, and literary, contributed to various periodicals. The book will be shortly issued by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

THE first of eight monthly books of George Eliot's new novel, *Daniel Deronda: a Story of Modern English Life*, will be published on February 1, under the title of "The Spoiled Child."

*About my Father's Business* is the title of a collection of Essays by Mr. Thomas Archer, descriptive of the various charitable institutions of London, which will be published by Messrs. Henry S. King and Co. during the coming spring season.

THE same publishers will issue shortly *Famines in India: their Causes and Possible Prevention*, the essay which gained the Le Bas prize in 1875. It is from the pen of Mr. Arthur L. Williams, of Jesus College, Cambridge.

WE learn that Mr. M. E. Grant Duff's papers on India, recently contributed to the *Contemporary Review*, will shortly be published in a volume by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

A THIRD series of sermons preached in St. James's Chapel, York Street, by the Rev. Stop-

ford A. Brooke, is, we understand, now in preparation, and may be expected to appear some time during the spring season.

PROFESSOR BRANDENBURG, of Dresden, formerly of Oxford, is engaged in translating into German the *Book of Scottish Story*, a selection of historical, traditional, legendary, imaginary, and humorous tales by standard authors, edited by Mr. W. A. Clouston, and at present being issued in a popular serial form by the Edinburgh Publishing Company.

MESSRS. HENRY S. KING & Co. are also preparing a new edition of Professor T. H. Ribot's *English Psychology*, corrected and revised from the latest extended and improved French edition.

AMONG the novels which Messrs. Henry S. King and Co. will publish during the next two months are *Ida Craven*, by Mrs. H. M. Cadell, the scene of which is laid in India, and the action takes place in Anglo-Indian society; and *My Sister Rosalind*, by the author of *Christina North*.

SCIENTIFIC activity as displayed in the formation of new societies is not confined to England, and during the years 1874 and 1875 several fresh associations of foreign scientific men have started into being. The Adriatic Society of the Natural Sciences was formed at Trieste in the early part of 1874 with a list of about 200 members. The sciences cultivated by the society are set forth in the following seven divisions:—1, Chemistry; 2, Physics and Meteorology; 3, Physical Geography; 4, Mineralogy, Geology, and Palaeontology; 5, Botany; 6, Zoology; 7, Anthropology. A monthly bulletin is published, and the President is Signor Muzio de' Tommasini. The Tuscan Society of the Natural Sciences was formed in 1874, at Pisa, with Professor G. Meneghini as President, and two handsomely printed parts of *Atti* have been published during the past year. The new Geological Society of Belgium, which holds its meetings at Liège, has lately issued the first volume of its *Annales*. Professor de Koninck, who was awarded the Wollaston Gold Medal by our Geological Society last year, is the President. The Viceroy of Egypt has taken under his protection the Khedival Society of Geography, which was founded at Cairo in June last. Dr. Schweinfurth is the President, and the chief object of the society is the encouragement of a knowledge of unexplored or little-known countries of Africa.

WE hear continually a wrong pronunciation of the *Droeshout* portrait of Shakspeare. The word is Dutch, and should be pronounced *Drooz* (like ooze), *howt* (like shout). *Droes* means a giant; *hout* means wood, timber, as Hexham says.

WE are glad to note that a second edition of Prof. Edward Dowden's *Shakspeare: A Study of his Mind and Art* will be published immediately by Messrs. Henry S. King and Co.

WE understand that a new and corrected edition of *The Autobiography and other Memorials of Mrs. Gilbert*, the first edition of which was published about a year and a half ago, is in the press, and will shortly be issued by Messrs. Henry S. King and Co.

THE Rev. Charles Daniel Dance, mission priest in the Diocese of Guiana, will shortly publish, through the same firm, a work entitled *Recollections of Four Years' Residence in Venezuela*. It will be illustrated, and will contain a map of the Republic.

WANTED from Spain the copy of the first folio of *Shakspeare*, bound in yellow silk, and full of corrections and notes in a contemporary hand, which Señor Gayangos saw, when a young man, in the library of a descendant of Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador here at the time. Wanted, also, all the letters of that ambassador (if any) touching on the literature and drama of the period, together with the English MSS. of which his secretary speaks. That well-known Shak-



sperian amateur and patron of art, Mr. F. W. Cosens, has had piles of the ambassador's letters ferreted out and copied, every one of them, down to his invitations to supper and his answers to them; but, alas! no reference even to Shakspeare or the drama has yet turned up. May Mr. Cosens' persevering search soon meet with a better reward!

MR. HENRY CROMIE, of Cheltenham, has kindly volunteered to copy and edit for the Chaucer Society the late Sir Thomas Phillipps's MS. of Hoccleve's Minor Poems, which contains the only known English copy of Chaucer's "Mother of God." It is the MS. which formerly belonged to George Mason, and from which he printed half a dozen poems in 1796. Mr. Cromie will also copy for the Early English Text Society the late Sir T. Phillipps's MS. of the "Pistyl of Sweet Susane" (Susannah of the Apocrypha) for Dr. J. A. H. Murray's parallel-text or collated edition of the poem.

MR. R. H. HORNE, who proposes to leave England in March, will be accompanied in his American tour by Mr. S. R. Townshend Mayer, Editor of the *St. James's Magazine*. Mr. Horne's programme comprises seven Lectures, three of which are entitled "Portraits from Memory of Celebrities I have known;" his recollections going back to Nelson, Keats, Kemble, and Cowper. The others have been delivered at St. George's Hall, the Philosophical Institute, Edinburgh, and in Melbourne and Sydney, at various times during the last twenty years.

MR. RUSKIN has issued an invitation to all persons "who have any regard" for him or his writings, to sign a petition to Parliament to prevent the extension of railroads across the Lake country. It appears that longing eyes have been cast by those who desire to develop the material, and especially the mineral, resources of the district, upon the route which passes through Ambleside to Keswick. The ostensible reason assigned is to bring the most attractive parts of Westmoreland within reach of the tourist, who now has to walk long distances or go to the expense of hiring a trap. But behind this the author of *Modern Painters* detects, and no doubt rightly, the intention of converting these pleasant places of rest into a mining region.

HENRIK IBSEN, who is now residing at Munich, is engaged on a new satirical drama, of which the theme is taken from the life of to-day. The last edition of his lyrical poems, which appeared at Christmas, is largely augmented by the addition of some important semi-political pieces.

THE *Churchman* states that the additions to Harvard College library have made it necessary to enlarge Gore Hall, so that it may hold 150,000 volumes. The plan of delivery used at the Boston Library will be adopted.

MESSRS. FIRMIN DIDOT AND Co. announce that the fourth and concluding volume of Paul Lacroix' studies on the Middle Ages will appear at the end of the present year. It will be entitled *Les Sciences et les Lettres au Moyen Age et à l'Epoque de la Renaissance*.

The edition of the latter part of the *Mahāvamsa*, not included in Turnour's edition, which is being prepared under the auspices of the Ceylon Government, is satisfactorily progressing. The Pali text is to appear in Sinhalese characters, the editors being two excellent native scholars—viz., Sumangala Hikkadua, the most distinguished living member of the Buddhist Order of Mendicants in Ceylon; and Batuwantudawa, the leading Government pandit. The editors will add a translation into Sinhalese, and it is hoped that da Zoysa Mudaliar, chief translator to Government, whose Report on the Temple libraries in Ceylon we noticed in a recent issue, will be able to add a translation into English. The text and the Sinhalese *sanna* of eight chapters are already printed,

and two more are ready for press, the total number of the unpublished chapters being sixty. As there are no works in India proper worthy to be called historical, this chronicle of the Kings of Ceylon, which is full of notices of South Indian history, will be very valuable.

ON January 4 Monsieur Jules de Mohl, member of the Institute, and Professor of Persian at the Collège de France, died at Paris, aged seventy-six, after a long illness which, however, did not until lately prevent him from attending the *séances* of the Academy, where the writer had the pleasure of meeting and conversing with him quite recently. M. Mohl was one of the first Orientalists in France, and although Persian was his special forte he was an admirable Arabic and Chinese scholar. Few men, except Silvestre de Sacy, have done so much to promote the study of Oriental languages, and the Société Asiatique, of which he was almost the *raison d'être*, loses in him at once its head and its most experienced administrative member. Jules de Mohl was of German extraction, but naturalised in France for more than thirty years. In 1844 he succeeded Emile Burnouf at the Académie des Inscriptions et des Belles Lettres, and in 1847 he was appointed to the chair of Persian at the Collège de France, which he occupied until his death. M. Mohl has left behind him many important works, the chief of which, his magnificent and learned edition of the Persian historical epic, the *Shāh-nāmā*, with a translation and notes, is well known to every Orientalist. At the Academy, at the Société Asiatique, and in private life, M. Mohl's loss has left a blank which it is not easy to fill.

OTHER acquisitions to the Oriental MSS. in the British Museum besides those noted by us last week are:—

*Midrāshim*, or discourses (in Hebrew), by Ephraïm ben Gershon, the physician of Negroponte; composed in the year 5215 (A.D. 1455), supposed to be autograph.

*Dictionnaire Tamoul-Français et Français-Tamoul*, par le Rév. Père Constant Joseph Beschi. 1744.

A Buddhistic work, Pāli, in Cingalese character.

*Al-Sullam*, a collection of treatises on Coptic grammar and vocabulary, A.M. 1519 (A.D. 1803); besides many detached portions of the Scriptures, Canons of the Church, Lessons for the feast days of the Coptic year, Orders of Consecration, &c., in Coptic and Arabic, dating from the thirteenth down to the present century.

Among the newly added Persian MSS. are:—

*Zafar-Nāmā*, a History of Timūr, by Sharaf ud-Din Yardi; with miniatures and illuminated borders. A.H. 959 (A.D. 1552).

*Durrāh i Nādirāh*, a History of Nādir Shah, by Muhammad Mahdi. 19<sup>th</sup> century.

Biographical notices on Fath 'Alī Shah and his children, by Fazl-Ullah ul-Husaini of Shiraz. 19<sup>th</sup> century.

*Nafahāt al-Uns*, Lives of the Saints by Jāmi. Agrab, the 49<sup>th</sup> year of Akbar (A.D. 1603).

*Khamsah*, or the five poems of Nizāmi, with miniatures. 16<sup>th</sup> century.

The *Masnawi* of Jalāl ud-Dīn Rūmī. A.H. 982 (A.D. 1574).

*Kulliyāt*, or complete works of Sa'di, with illuminated borders and miniatures. 15<sup>th</sup> century.

*Yusuf u Zalikha* and *Subhat ul-Abrār*, Poems by Jāmi.

*Mahbūb ul-Kutūb*, a work on morals and good manners, with numerous anecdotes by Barkwurdār Turkamān, with miniatures. A.H. 1220 (A.D. 1806).

An album containing calligraphic specimens of various Persian penmen of the 17<sup>th</sup> and 18<sup>th</sup> centuries, with a great variety of choice miniatures in the Persian and Indian styles.

Among the Turkish manuscripts are these additions:—

*Iskender-Nameh*, a poem on the legend of Alexander, by Ahmedi (A.H. 1252, A.D. 1837); and *Lāihah* of Tatarjik-Zādeh 'Abdullah, or suggestions for the better government of the Empire, especially for the reform of the Army and Navy, written by desire of Sultan Salim B. Mustafā. 19<sup>th</sup> century.

An Ethiopic version of the Psalms, and a Cingalese work "*Abinckam*," an account of Buddha's abandonment of the world, also require mention; together with the letter addressed by the Samaritans of Nablous to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, which is written in Samaritan and Arabic.

MR. H. COURTHOPE BOWEN, English master at the middle-class schools, Cowper Street, has prepared, and will shortly publish, through Messrs. Henry S. King and Co., a work entitled *Studies in English for the Use of Schools*. This is a volume of extracts of both verse and prose selected from the best passages of the best English writers, which are illustrated, but not overloaded, with critical notes. Each extract is prefaced by a few lines intended to guide the pupil to an accurate judgment on the position of the author in our literature.

#### OBITUARY.

AMBERLEY, Viscount, at Ravenscourt, January 9, aged 33.  
DAVENPORT, S. T., at Islington, January 7, aged 54. [Financial Officer of the Society of Arts, with which he had been connected for 33 years.]

#### SELECTED BOOKS.

##### General Literature.

BODDAM-WHETHAM, J. W. Pearls of the Pacific. Hurst & Blackett. 15s.  
COPPÉE, F. Olivier, poëme. Paris: Lemerre. 2 fr.  
EMERSON, R. W. Letters and Social Aims. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.  
GROTE, the late George. Fragments on Ethical Subjects; being a Selection from his Posthumous Papers. Murray. 7s. 6d.  
SENART, E. Essai sur la Légende du Buddha, son caractère et ses origines. Paris: Leroux. 12 fr.

##### Theology.

KUENEN, A. De Profeten en de Profetie onder Israël. 2. Deel. Leiden: Engels.

##### History.

BILLAUT DE GÉRAINVILLE, A. E. Histoire de Louis-Philippe. T. 3. Paris: Chaix.  
DORN, B. Caspia. Ueber die Einfälle der alten Russen in Tabaristan. St. Petersburg. 13s. 4d.  
RADULPHI de Coggeshall Chronicon Anglicanum. Ed. J. Stevenson. Rolls Series. 10s.  
TOPIN, M. Louis XIII. et Richelieu, étude historique accompagnée des lettres inédites du roi et Cardinal de Richelieu. Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 50 c.  
WHEELER, J. Talboys. The History of India. Vol. IV. Part I. India under Mussulman Rule. Trübner. 14s.

##### Physical Science.

HASSALL, A. H. Food; its adulterations, and the methods for their detection. Longmans. 24s.

##### Philology.

AVIEL et Mirabel u. Elle de Saint Gille. Zwei altfranzös. Heldengedichte, hrsg. v. W. Foerster. 1. Thl. Heilbronn: Henninger. 9 M.  
GAUCIN DE TASSY. La Langue et la Littérature hindoustaniennes en 1875. Paris: Maisonneuve. 4 fr.  
LENOIRANT, F. Les Principes de Comparaison de l'Académie et des langues touraniennes. Paris: Maisonneuve. 1 fr. 50 c.  
LEVY, J. Neuhébraisches u. chaldäisches Wörterbuch. Talmudim u. Midraschim. 4. Lfg. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 6 M.  
SCHIEFNER, A. Mahākātājāna u. König Tschāpā-Prudjota. St. Petersburg. 2s.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

"KING HENRY VIII." AND THE ORDEAL BY METRE.  
Holmwood, Henley-on-Thames: January 10, 1876.

The courtesy with which Mr. Furnivall has referred to my critical studies in the field of Elizabethan poetry seems to me to claim such recognition at my hands as may be implied by the infraction of a rule which I find it generally necessary to observe; the rule which warns us to refrain from answering the answers, criticising the criticisms, and commenting on the commentaries which any work or word of our own may have elicited from others. Not only a conviction of the wisdom of this rule, but a deep sense of my own inadequacy to contend with the neo-Shaksperian school of commentators on their own peculiar ground of metre, withholds me on principle from entering into any debate which turns upon a question of verbal music—the harmonies or the melodies of verse. Upon this subject I would not presume to

join issue with judges who claim to speak "as naving authority, and not as the scribes." Of word-music, the technical quality of metre, the executive secret and inner method of the poetic art, it is admittedly for scholiasts alone to judge; and their teaching is undoubtedly not as that of the scribes or poets. But without touching on matters too high for me I may take leave to observe that out of twenty-two different words cited by Mr. Furnivall as instances of the triple terminations so incessant in the verse of Fletcher and his followers, at least ten have not triple endings, but double; an eleventh word, *cardinal*, is, at least as often and as properly, the metrical equivalent of a dissyllable as of a trisyllable in the tragic verse of our poets from Shakspeare to Shelley, and again, in the *Queen Mary* of the illustrious living poet whom Mr. Furnivall has repeatedly shown that he regards as the final authority and embodied court of appeal on all questions of dramatic art and style. But the words *emperor*, *pitiful*, *Christians*, *ignorance*, *difference*, *Katharine*, *murmurers*, *virtuous*, and *slavery*, have been reckoned in verse as dissyllables, and the word *notorious* as a trisyllable, at least from the time of Spenser; every poet then or since who violates this rule must do so in defiance of an established law of nature for the sake of some especial and exceptional effect. Of the eleven remaining examples, some, if not all (as "gentlemen" for instance), are words which Shakspeare would no more have scrupled to use at the end of a line as equivalent to a dissyllable in the last foot, than would Fletcher himself or any other poet of the time. Thus my "glaring misstatement of fact" resolves itself after all into a glaring misconception of quantity on the part of Mr. Furnivall, whose deep readings in Chaucer and earlier English poetry—a field in which I should not dream of offering to contend with him on any point of verbal erudition, but content myself with paying tribute to the ardent and assiduous energy which has turned to such fruitful profit the researches of his learning and his devotion—have not, it seems, afforded him the training which might enable a man to pronounce judgment on the finer and freer quality, the licence that modifies the law and the law that underlies the licence of dramatic verse.

The question upon which I have for once entered is not, it will be observed, a question of ear but of fingers; it is a question of numbers, not in the poetic or musical sense of the word, but in the scholastic or arithmetical sense; and feeble and faltering as I am but too well aware that my steps must be on this hallowed ground of the scholiasts, I yet flatter myself that on this one occasion I have worked out aright the sum proposed to me, confuted the miscalculations and corrected the false quantities of my respected adversary. But in any case I do not intend again to venture on a line of argument in which I feel myself reduced to the level of Crabbe's schoolboy (not, alas! Macaulay's);

"Your fingers, idiot!" "What, of both my hands?"

A dunce like myself, who measures verse, whether in his reading or writing lesson, by ear and not by finger, is naturally compelled to sit down (if he can) on the lowest form among boys who get up their Euclid by the simple process of committing it to memory; for it must by this time be known even to the poor votaries of an inferior form of speech, who believe that verse (the lower form) is distinguished from prose (the higher form) by the faculty of song or verbal music, and who are led by the ear (like the animals they most resemble) to persist in their preference for the lower form over the higher on this most inadequate and absurd account—even to sense, I say it must be notorious that a grand jury of Parnassian pedagogues has established as a primary axiom or postulate that verse, or the music of responsive words, in common, I presume, with the other kind of music, does not appeal to the ear, but to the fingers; and by the fingers

only, and in no case by the ear, can it be judged. Deeply conscious of my own inability to grapple on this ground with any champion of the arithmetical school, I will merely remark that the fresh point made against me (in his own estimation) by Mr. Furnivall is one never started or suggested, as far as I remember, by Mr. Spedding, with whose views alone I was concerned when writing my notes on the text of *King Henry VIII.* The occurrence here and there of a full superfluous syllable such as *lords*, *out*, or *months*, at the end of a line, is assuredly one of the notes of Fletcher's habitual style which are patent to the eye and obvious to the ear of a tiro; but it is one which claims no special discussion apart from the general question of style raised by Mr. Spedding; whose positions I frankly admit that I cannot claim to have disproved, and that for the best of all reasons—he has proved nothing. Where there is no proof there can be no disproof. What he has done, and done with equal ability and modesty, is this. He has recapitulated and classified the apparent reasons for suspecting the partnership of Fletcher, and has thus supplied us with the only grounds on which his conclusion may be accepted or rejected after due balance of all counter considerations which may be set against these. To Mr. Furnivall these grounds seem on the whole adequate to support that conclusion; to me they seem on the whole inadequate; and there the matter must remain. Of evidence there is here no more than is conveyed by the subsequent assertion that Fletcher was the author of the most famous passage in the *Maid's Tragedy*. In any case, his power to accomplish even so exquisite a piece of tender fancy and melody would no more prove his ability to achieve such a sample of tragic work as the death scene of Katharine than his pictures of the dying Polyxena and Macaria prove the ability of Euripides to have written the closing scenes of the *Antigone*. But as it is, even Mr. Furnivall, who assuredly will never fail in any undertaking for lack of confidence, cannot possibly be more confident that the lines he cites are the work of Fletcher than I am confident that they are not. My reasons for assigning them to Beaumont may be gathered at a glance by any student of their works who refers to my article on the subject in the new issue of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; but being unable to speak on such matters, like Mr. Furnivall, with the authority of a scholiast, I forbear from the indiscretion of meeting with a counter assurance his positive assertion that "Fletcher did" write them, and am, as he must be, content to leave each reader to decide for himself whether he prefers to abide by Mr. Furnivall's conviction or by mine on a technical question of poetic style and Elizabethan scholarship.

One word more, and I close a letter which has already overgrown the limits designed for it. Mr. Furnivall taxes me with an attempt to overthrow the established order of Shakspeare's plays, which, according to him, is as firmly settled as the order of letters in the alphabet. In my humble opinion this is not, and never can be, the case; but however that may be, the hastiest reader of my notes on the subject might not unreasonably have been expected to bear in mind that from the very beginning I have again and again repudiated all purpose or pretension to do or attempt anything of the kind. It should seem then but useless waste of words to reiterate once again the assurance that my object was not to prove or disprove, set up or upset, any theory whatever concerning the dates of Shakspeare's plays, but simply to divide and combine them by rule of poetic order, not by date of actual succession. In the teeth of this protest, with the disclaimer of any such object staring him in the face from every other page of my essay, Mr. Furnivall charges me with "trying to put" a particular play "up to 1596 or thereabouts." Whether it was written then or twenty years later, in the last year of Shakspeare's life, is a matter of no moment or significance whatever

to the argument of my Study. It is a notorious truism, long since worn threadbare, *omnibus et lippis notum et tonsoribus*, that we cannot safely presume to determine by mere evidence of style the actual date of any single work by a great master. To a probable or plausible conclusion we may be guided by such evidence; to a certitude we never can be. In the later works of painters as of poets, we find sometimes a recrudescence of their early style which would induce us, could we trust for guidance to this facile and fallacious clue, to assign for them an earlier date than we should ascribe to the works of many intervening years, which did actually precede them in order of production. I have elsewhere noted a singular and memorable instance in the works of a painter not the least eminent among the masters of the early Florentine school. From the later poems of Byron, and from the later poems of Mr. Tennyson, two workmen who perhaps have not a single quality in common, it would be equally easy to cite examples of work which no student, judging by internal evidence, could hesitate in assigning to the earlier period of either. The same might probably be said of many others as eminent as these; but I take the first two famous names that suggest themselves by way of example. It may be for the better, it may be for the worse, and it may possibly be neither for the worse nor for the better, that such exceptional poems or pictures differ from the artist's general work of the same date; the palpable fact that they do so vary in style from the average standard of their period is sufficient to establish my case, and to confute the learned or unlearned presumption which would take upon itself, on the strength of internal evidence, to lay down the law as to the actual dates, or the successive composition and production of Shakspeare's plays. What I desire to do and design to attempt is a work which has nothing in common with the peremptory pretensions of commentators who seek, by dint of positive assertion or endless wrangling, to establish, as matter of creed, what can never be more than matter of opinion; it is to arrange in their several classes the plays of Shakspeare according to their order of poetry, not according to their rate of succession; to rank them by rule of kind, not by computation of priority; to take count of them by style and not by date. This may be a futile, an overweening, and unprofitable project; but, rational or irrational, hopeful or hopeless, it has no more to do with questions of disputed chronology than the secret of metrical harmony or melody has to do with the casting up of figures or the counting out of syllables.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

P.S.—As it may perhaps be, after all, necessary to guard against fresh misconception, and as I do not wish to be drawn back into any further debate on this matter, I add yet a line of explanation which may possibly seem called for by certain expressions of my own. A rapid reader might at first sight excusably think that the exposition which has just been offered of my purpose is inconsistent with the terms employed in my essay as to the place of *King Henry VIII.* among the works of its author: as where I say that it is not "as yet" a perfect example of his second manner, that the crowning work of his second period was yet to come, and so forth. By such phrases as these it may plausibly be objected, I do then assume the fact of its earlier date, whether in 1596 or any neighbour year. But this apparent inaccuracy or literal incongruity will be seen to imply no real inconsistency or incoherence of view, if it be remembered that I am compelled, as it were, by the nature of my design to assume in passing, for the sake of convenience, that works of the same class and composed in the same style belong to the same stage or period; although, as I have admitted, their actual dates of birth should prove to be twenty years apart. This play, for instance, even could it (as it cannot) be shown to be a work of Shakspeare's last period, would not be one



whit the more a typical example of that period, but would remain as it is a characteristic example of the rhetorical manner peculiar to the earlier works of his second stage. To that second period I therefore ascribe it, subject to the possible future correction of facts as yet unverified, and which, if they were established to-morrow on proofs the most irrefragable, would in no degree affect the soundness or unsoundness of a critical process which aims at separating and rearranging the works of Shakspeare into periods to be measured by aesthetic in place of chronological divisions. Were *King Henry VIII.* proved to be, indeed, one of the latest works of Shakspeare, we should find in it at once a singular parallel and a singular contrast to the last dramatic work of another great national poet; for it would then be as evident that Shakspeare had in his last play fallen back from the final height of his tragic style upon the comparatively immature, tentative, adolescent manner of his earlier labours in the field of national or historical tragedy; as it is now evident that Corneille, in one of his last works for the stage, in the admirable love-scene of Cupid and Psyche, which lightens with the reflection of its loveliness the lyric drama in which the old master of heroic tragedy joined hands with the one dramatic poet greater than himself whom France had produced before the days of our fathers, had shaken himself clear of all senile encumbrance and risen far above the style of his final period to the full height of the years in which his young genius found perfect play for the force and freedom of its flight. But in any case *King Henry VIII.* no more belongs to the same period as *Othello*, or to the same period as *Cymbeline*—in other words, it is no more to be taken as a type or representative instance of the style proper to either of these periods—than *Psyche* belongs, as a typical example of style, to the period of decline which produced *Agésilas* and *Pulchérie*, *Othon* and *Suréna*.

THE "BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW" AND MR. SPENCER.

London: January 11, 1876.

Allow me to warn those readers of the *British Quarterly Review* who see the ACADEMY, against a seriously wrong impression conveyed by the first article in its current number.

It is now five-and-twenty years since the publication of *Social Statics*. When the first English edition was exhausted, the demand not then promising to pay for another English edition, I imported, from time to time, supplies of the American reprint. This reprint, with my consent, was published in the United States some ten years ago. Still adhering to the leading ideas of the work, though not to all applications of them, I did not wish to suppress it; and thought that a prefatory caution would prevent too strict an interpretation of its contents, and would suffice until the time came when I anticipated dealing afresh with the whole subject from the Evolution point of view.

In this preface to the American edition, as the imported copies show, it is said that the author wishes it to be understood that the reprint "must not be taken as a literal expression of his present views;" and that the general theory had "undergone in his mind considerable further development and some accompanying modifications." Two chapters were specially named as requiring qualifications which "would alter somewhat their logical aspects;" and it was remarked, concerning other parts, that there needed greater recognition of the "relative goodness" of many institutions which have no claims to "absolute goodness."

It never occurred to me that after this intimation, any ordinary reader, much less a reviewer, would take all he found without making allowance. Less still did I anticipate that a reviewer would delineate, and quote from, the chapters named as specially needing modifications of statement.

Least of all, after implying in the *Study of Sociology* some marked changes of opinion, did I think it possible that a reviewer, having both works before him, would describe and criticise the earlier view and wholly ignore the later.

HERBERT SPENCER.

"THE FLAMENS AT THEIR SERVICE QUAIN'T."

Eton College: January 10, 1876.

So many persons have lately been reading Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity," that I venture to suggest to you a new interpretation of some well-known lines in it.

Lines 192-6 run thus:—

"In urns and altars round  
A drear and dying sound  
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat  
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat."

The word quaint must have puzzled many readers of this passage. In Milton's time it did not, I believe, bear the meaning of *strange, peculiar*, which it bears now. Wedgwood explains it "*Coint, neat, fine, dainty trim*," and continues, "*uncouth* is the opposite of *quaint*—awkward, revolting, displeasing;" and Schmidt, in his *Shakespeare-Lexicon*, writes of it "*fine, neat, pretty, pleasing*."

None of these meanings suit the passage in Milton. I would suggest, therefore, that it is the participle of quench, and means extinguished. The "service quaint" is the sudden extinguishing of the fire on the "altars round."

So *Or. Fast.* ii., 711:—

"Ecce nefas visu, mediis altariibus anguis  
Exit, et extinctis ignibus exta rapit."

This meaning becomes almost certain on comparing Chaucer's *Knights Tale*:—

"The fyres bren upon the auter cleer  
While Emeleye was in hire preyer;  
But sodeinly she saugh a sighte queynt  
For right anon on of the fyres queynt  
And quyked agayn, and after that anon  
The other fyr was queynt and al agon;  
And as it queynt it made a whistelyng  
As doth a wete brend in his brennyng.  
And on the brendes end out ran anon  
As it were bloody dropes many con."

It must be remarked that in this passage *queynt* appears also in the sense of *strange*, which is not found in Shakspeare.

OSCAR BROWNING.

THE NORTHUMBRIAN "BURR" OR "CRHOUNP."

Kensington: January 9, 1876.

The Northumbrian "burr" or "crhounp" consists in a trill of the uvula instead of the tip of the tongue, or instead of an absence of trill. It is essentially the same as the French *r grasseyé*, and it is very common in Germany, but unknown in Italy. In England it is very marked, but confined within extremely narrow limits. I understand, also, that there are three or four varieties of it, the strongest and roughest being in Newcastle, where, at the end of words, as in *bettor* for *better*, it would seem to be complicated by the action of the lips. About Morpeth I understand that it is finer, as if the vowel *e* in *the* were sounded throughout in place of *o* in *or*. Still further north I understand it to be again different, and in Berwick to become quite the finest French sound. There are several varieties of the French *r grasseyé* even in France, one of them being a very bright metallic trill of the uvula, and another fine like the Berwick sound, and another more guttural like the German edition. I have heard Germans utter *sprache* in such a manner that it was difficult to distinguish the *r* from the *ch*. Those who have been in Holland know that *schip* sounds very like *srip* with this uvular *r*.

The object of this letter is to request any Northumbrian to furnish me with the following particulars from personal knowledge, for use in the

account of the mode in which all English dialects are now pronounced, which will form the fifth part of my *Early English Pronunciation*. I need hardly say that if any one fresh from the country, with an "uncorrupted burr," would favour me with a call (by appointment), so that I might actually hear it uttered, and thus better appreciate any information he might give, it would be of great service to me. The question is one of much philological interest and wide ramifications which I cannot even indicate.

I wish to know the exact boundaries of the burr or crhounp. That is, I want a list of frontier villages or towns, adjacent to each other, in one of which there is burr and in the other no burr. And in the case of no burr, I want to know whether there is a tip-tongue trill, or merely a tip-tongue "rise," which is not a trill, but a kind of imperfect *d*, which is a common substitute for *r* in many mouths, especially when final or before consonants. Distinguish by the terms "burr," "no-burr," "trill," "rise." In the burr distinguish "rough," "labialised," "moderate," "fine," "gentle," and, if possible, initial, medial, and final effects. Any portion of this information, referring to any single known and specified locality, will be of value; by means of many informants I may be able to collect a tolerably complete account, and it is not to be expected that any one can tell me all, or nearly all, that I want to know.

So far as I am at present aware, the following is the approximate boundary of the burr. The town and liberties of Berwick-upon-Tweed; not a vestige of it in the Scotch county of Berwick, in which these are locally situate, nor in any part of Scotland, where the trill is strong. Dr. Murray (*Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland*, p. 87) makes the boundary then follow the Tweed, and lets the trill encroach on the burr along the line of the Cheviots, "perhaps because many of the farmers and shepherds are of Scotch origin." The vale of the Reed, though Northumbrian, has the trill, but no burr, till we reach Otterburn, near Elsdon, where it is marked. But I have some reason to suppose that even north of this, at Thropton, there is a trill, while two miles off, at Rothbury, the labialised burr is strong. The line must then nearly follow the county boundary of Cumberland (where the tip of the tongue is gently trilled), and of Durham (where the nature of *r* is unknown to me). But in both North and South Shields (in different counties), though so close to the rough Newcastle burr, there is no burr, but at most, so far as I can understand, the "rise."

Can also any one help me with the Durham dialect? with South Lincolnshire? with North and South Northamptonshire and Bedfordshire? with Essex? with Herts? with East and West Sussex, and the boundary between them? These present the chief uncertainties left. I have materials from all these places, but want more, and especially *vivâ voce* instruction from persons who can pronounce the peculiar vowels and diphthongs and *r*'s correctly. *Vivâ voce* instruction from any place in England will be received with thankfulness. As the work is promised for issue to the Early English Text Society at the close of 1876, early assistance will be very valuable. If any one would repeat this request in local papers I should be much obliged.

ALEXANDER J. ELLIS.

THE WOMEN OF SOPHOCLES.

Balliol College, Oxford: January 10, 1876.

I see from a recent issue that Mr. Mahaffy's *Social Greece*, which has already reached a second edition, is to be translated into French, that he has a primer on *Life in Old Greece* in the press, that he is going to lecture on his travels in Greece and publish the results, and give us a larger work on Greek literature. This is interesting and pleasant news. We all congratulate Mr. Mahaffy.

But can we congratulate the readers who turn to him for ideas on Greek life, or those of whom

he writes, the poets and historians of Greece? If any one gives me a photograph of a work of Phidias, however marred the work may be, neither Phidias nor I can complain—we see what there is to be seen. If, on the other hand, I get no photograph, but only an inaccurate sketch, spoiled by the “subjectivity of the artist,” Phidias and I are both sufferers. And I cannot help feeling that in many parts of his book Mr. Mahaffy does not give us photographs, but sketches, and these of no great accuracy in form or colour.

It would take too long to follow him through his criticism of Homer and the Homeric hymns—whether the Ionic princesses became immoral owing to these hymns, or the hymns, especially that shocking one about Aphrodite and Anchises, were made to please the immoral tastes of these princesses, is not quite clear (pp. 52, 325 fn., 328)—or of Thucydides, the “surly,” “sour,” “dry,” “misleading” historian, who will not gossip and talk about Asia or of the character of Athena, which, with Dr. Hayman to hold his palette, Mr. Mahaffy puts in very black indeed. Nor is it possible here to contest the amusing conclusions about Greek society; that Greek gentlemen were “no gentlemen” at all; and Greek ladies—well, in Attic times there were none! But I should like to say a word about Sophocles, or rather about the women of Sophocles. I, with many more, have always thought that in this great poet we have the perfect bloom of Attic art, and that in his *Antigone* and *Electra* are embodied two of the highest ideals of womanhood ever conceived by a human mind, or set forth in human speech. Yet, it seems, we were all wrong; these women are masculine, hard, coarse, degenerate; they furnish internal evidence that the scandalous stories hanging about the private life of Sophocles are only too true. If Mr. Mahaffy had to make his choice among the women of Sophocles he would turn from these greater heroines to those of the second class—to Tecmessa, Dejanira, and the like, for these “are at least ‘female-women.’” Yes! they are “female-women,” faithful, tender, loving, devoted; all that Mr. Mahaffy has to say in praise of them I will echo, and with addition. Nevertheless, I think you would find women as tender and gentle in any great dramatic writer, while we feel that *Antigone* and *Electra* stand alone, aloft in solitary grandeur.

Why do we feel this? Because the love which prompts the actions of Tecmessa and Dejanira is just the ordinary passion of men and women. It is (so the Greeks thought) a selfish feeling, centred in one person, which it is impossible that any other should share, and arising, it may be, out of the fancy of a moment, or the mere will of the stronger. But the love of *Antigone* and *Electra* is a love of kindred, born in the blood, of sister for brother, and daughter for father; a love of the dead, faithful unto death. Defiant and uncompromising these maidens are, as becomes “imperial votareesses;” but are they without tenderness—*Antigone*, whose filial hands performed the last offices to father and mother after their terrible exit from life, and who looks forward, through death, to a loving welcome in the other world?—*Electra*, the nurse of her child-brother, the pathos of whose lamentation touches us across the ages? Are they masculine, these hearts so full of womanhood that they go out beyond maidenly decorum in wailing over their unwedded childless lives? Well! but *Antigone* says nothing of her love for *Haemon*, and *Electra*, in the moment of triumph, cries out *παῖσιν εἰ σθένει δαπλῇ*, though it is her mother who is being struck. In these features of the characters Mr. Mahaffy finds something masculine, coarse, and disagreeable. I cannot agree with him. So far from thinking Sophocles wrong in not making more of the love affair of *Haemon* and *Antigone*, I have always thought A. Böckh wrong in giving l. 572 of the *Antigone* to *Antigone*, not with the MSS. to *Ismene*. For the higher

love is not to be confounded with the lower. I speak as a Greek would feel; yet even now, if we found a sister giving up the thought of marriage with one she loved in order to watch over a helpless brother, should we not say of such affection that it was something higher than “the obvious human need?” And *Antigone* does more than this. Her brother is dead; the moral law is overruled by the civic; obedience to her affection involves the sacrifice of life; and she is left without earthly sympathy, alone in the dim twilight of an unrevealed future. Had she given up her principles she might have married *Haemon*, and “lived happy ever after,” but she never thought of that. How different is the love of *Haemon*, whose “earthlier” passion leads him to attempt his father’s life, and then in shame and remorse to take his own! Yet what a tribute to the nature of *Antigone* is *Haemon*’s love and death!

But at least *Electra* is coarse. Who can listen without a shudder while a daughter calls on a son to stab the common mother twice? It is, indeed, a terrible moment. Passing from the deepest despair to the wildest joy—from the solemn dirge,

ὦ φιλάτου μνημεῖον ἀνδρῶπων ἐμοὶ  
ψυχῆς Ὀρέστου λοιπόν,  
to the dancing music of  
νῦν δ' ἔχω σὲ προῦφάνης δὲ  
φιλάτῃν ἔχων πρόσφιν—

*Electra* at length beholds the consummation of her long hopes. The day of vengeance has come; on the stroke of *Orestes* it depends whether perpetual gloom shall enfold the house of the *Atræidae*, or gladness shall again dawn upon it. She hears the death-shriek of *Clytemnestra*, as she heard the shriek of *Agamemnon*. “Strike again,” she cries, “strike down the adulteress, the murderess, the mother of a bastard brood who eat the children’s bread. Strike again, it is the blow of divine justice; strike out the iniquity of years; avenge our father’s death, win back the inheritance of the house.” It is no longer *Electra* who speaks; it is the embodied *Erinyes* of the race, exacting righteous vengeance, and among the Greeks the *Erinyes* were women and *παρθέναι*. It is a terrible moment, when any mortal spirit might fail without shame; but this noble heart fails not, even as it never failed in the long years of sorrow and expectation. If *Electra* is “coarse,” then Love, and Duty, and Faith, and Truth, and Justice are coarse also.

I have occupied, I fear, too much of your space. It is because I feel that Mr. Mahaffy’s work is and will be widely read, that I have ventured to point out what I believe to be a false conception of the greatest of Greek tragedians in some of the greatest of his characters. EVELYN ABBOTT.

#### APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SATURDAY, Jan. 15,	3 p.m.	Physical: “On Recent Spectroscopic Researches,” by J. Norman Lockyer; Exhibition of Apparatus illustrating wave motion, by C. J. Woodward.
		“Crystal Palace Concert (Front’s Magnificent).”
		“Saturday Popular Concert, St. James’s Hall.”
MONDAY, Jan. 17,	3 p.m.	Asiatic.
	5 p.m.	London Institution: “On Human Automatism,” II., by Dr. W. B. Carpenter.
	8 p.m.	Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture. “British Architects: ‘On the National Safe Deposit Company’s Premises,’” by J. Whitchord.
		Monday Popular Concert, St. James’s Hall (Mdlle. Krebs, Mme. Norman-Néruda).
TUESDAY, Jan. 18,	3 p.m.	Royal Institution: “On the Classification of the Vertebrate Animals,” by Prof. Garrod.
	7.45 p.m.	Statistical.
	8 p.m.	Civil Engineers: “The Ventilation and Working of Railway Tunnels,” by G. J. Morrison.
	8.30 p.m.	Zoological: Papers by Prof. Garrod, Messrs. E. B. Alston, E. A. Lardet, E. A. Schiffer and D. Y. Williams, and the Hon. W. H. Drummond.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 19,	7 p.m.	Meteorological: Annual General Meeting.
	8 p.m.	Society of Arts: Geological. Archaeological Association.
THURSDAY, Jan. 20,	3 p.m.	Royal Institution: “On the Chemistry of the Non-Metallic Elements,” by Prof. Gladstone.
	7 p.m.	Numismatic.
	8 p.m.	Linnean. Chemical.
	8.30 p.m.	Royal. Antiquaries.
FRIDAY, Jan. 21,	8 p.m.	Philological: “On Persian Phonetics,” by Prof. Rieu.
		Society of Arts: Special Lecture.
	9 p.m.	Royal Institution: “The Optical Department of the Atmosphere in relation to the Phenomena of Putrefaction,” by Prof. Tyndall.

#### SCIENCE.

*The Elements of the Psychology of Cognition.* By Robert Jardine, B.D., D.Sc., Principal of the General Assembly’s College, Calcutta. (London: Macmillan & Co., 1874.)

THIS is not nearly such a bad book as one might be led to surmise by the title, and even by the perusal of the first sixty pages. The old landmarks of what used to be called philosophical sciences are becoming so rapidly obliterated that the division into logic, metaphysics, and ethics, which satisfied earlier generations, is almost obsolete and seems quite inadequate to the parvenu speculation of the day. Everything philosophical is on the way of being swallowed up in the body either of mental or of social science. Ethics and logic must hide their diminished heads under the cover of sociology and psychology respectively. The command has gone forth. Either be a psychologist, or sociologist, or presume not to philosophise. This uncertainty about the boundaries of these branches of science is the best excuse for Dr. Jardine calling this book the “Psychology of Cognition.” For, barring a little in the first chapter which is purely physiological (and where the author is evidently walking by the aid of a borrowed staff), and somewhat in the third chapter which is psychological in the older sense of the word, the book is in the main the treatment of a logical problem—the origin of knowledge, and the processes by which it reaches concatenation and completeness. From the tone of several passages in the book, where the mere logician is severely contrasted with that perfect type, the psychologist, it may be inferred (if this be not a “reasoning simulating inference”) that Mr. Jardine has suffered from the discipline of the strictest sect of formal logic. But after all, logic is not entirely in the gall of formalism; and questions as to the How and Why of knowledge from its simplest to its most complex results need not be thrown into the already overcrowded purlieus of psychology. Perhaps Comte was in the right when he denied the possibility of such a science altogether. Certainly it seems to be no better than an ingenious but artificial combination of logic and physiology. It is time to call for a restitution of the stolen plumes, and let each department keep its own in future. So much may be said, partly by way of criticising, and partly by way of apologising for, the title of the work; but the same excuses do not apply to the book-binder, who has affixed to the cover the words “Elements of Psychology.”

The book is intended for students beginning their philosophical studies; and to such



persons it seems as if it ought to be a very useful manual and propaedeutic. It is free from prolixity, and yet the exposition is far from being contracted into enigmatic brevity: there is abundance of information about other ways of putting the subject, and yet the author is not a mere machinist of inverted commas, but a rational critic who can turn out a fresh side of an old subject, and who has largely thought out for himself the *pros* and *cons* of what he reads. The second chapter is devoted to an account of the theories of what the Scotch school call Perception, as held by Descartes, Locke, Reid, and other English writers: and it is, so far as it goes, a fair and intelligible account, and accompanied with many acute and suggestive remarks. Of the other three chapters the first gives an analysis of the processes which translate mere sensations into perceptions of objects, or make what is called an external world: the third describes the associations formed by the representations thus gained in the mental world of imagination: and the fourth explains how our initial perceptions and representations are fixed, and perfected, and connected—in other words, gives a theory of predication and inference. The chapter on representation rambles here and there: it is, for instance, scarcely necessary to inform the student that—

"A regard to usefulness and stability, therefore, ought to govern the architect in deciding upon the principal parts of the building; these qualities being secured, the imagination is at liberty to add such lines and figures of beauty as may seem suitable. The art of the architect at different times has invented a considerable variety of style in the structure and ornamentation of buildings, for a description of which we must refer the reader who wishes to pursue the subject to the numerous works of professional men who have devoted themselves to the subject."

If this be psychology, then it becomes, like "inductive logic," an introduction to the circle of the sciences. Some of the criticisms, as that "the word idea compelled Berkeley to hold that it exists only in a mind," are but approximately correct: the distinction between objective and external does not seem to be always consistently kept up; and the distinction between inference and classificatory processes pretending to be inference looks more subtle than solid. Mr. Jardine, it may be added, refuses to be confined to the formulae of any school; but he frequently shows by his remarks that he is more on the side of Sir W. Hamilton than of his opponent. He looks upon Mill, indeed, as a coryphaeus of that phenomenalist psychology which it is the aim of the present work to correct and supplement. And it shows great courage to declare that the distinction between an associational and an intuitive school of psychology is a false one.

W. WALLACE.

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

##### ZOOLOGY.

*Classification of Bats.*—In the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History* for November, Mr. G. E. Dobson gives a conspectus of the divisions of the order *Cheiroptera*, arranged according to what he believes to be their natural affinities. He recognises the two sub-orders usually styled *Cheiroptera Frugivora* and *Cheiroptera Insectivora*, but rejects these names as not being "framed in ac-

cordance with the accepted rules of zoological nomenclature," and proposes the terms *Megachiroptera* and *Microchiroptera* as substitutes. We are not aware that ordinal and sub-ordinal names come under any definite rule of nomenclature, save that of priority, and several terms similar to those to which Mr. Dobson objects are in universal use, as, for example, *Ungulata Perissodactyla*. The sub-order *Megachiroptera* contains one family only, the fruit-bats (*Pteropidae*). The other sub-order has five, of which the first three (*Rhinolophidae*, *Nycteridae*, and *Vespertilionidae*) are regarded by Mr. Dobson as forming a separate "alliance" from the fourth and fifth (*Emballonuridae* and *Phyllostomidae*), having been developed by a separate line of descent from a hypothetical ancestral form for which the name *Palaeochiroptera* is proposed. The "vespertilionine alliance" has the tail contained in the interfemoral membrane, the first joint of the middle finger extended in repose, the pre-maxillary bones rudimentary and the upper incisors small and weak. In the "emballonurine alliance," on the other hand, a portion of the tail (when it is present) usually appears free on the upper surface of the interfemoral membrane, the first joint of the middle finger is folded back in repose, and the pre-maxillaries and incisors are generally well developed. The two groups also differ in the microscopical characters of their hair. The fruit-bats are believed by Mr. Dobson to have sprung from a distinct group of the primordial *Palaeochiroptera* from that which gave rise to the vespertilionine and emballonurine alliances, but he regards them as being more nearly allied to the latter than to the former.

##### *The Faunas of the Mascarenes and Galapagos.*

To the student of evolution few fields of observation are so favourable as that presented by the faunas of isolated archipelagos, and their importance is greatly enhanced by the fact that the characteristic forms of such islands are peculiarly liable to extermination by man. The widely distant groups of the Mascarenes and the Galapagos are especially instructive, but unfortunately colonisation and the visits of ships have long since worked havoc with the fauna of the former, and threaten to be equally destructive to that of the second group. Hence every fragment that illustrates the forms which have passed away, or are fast going, is eagerly sought for by the zoologist, and considerable additions have lately been made to our knowledge. We have already mentioned the large series of bones of the extinct birds of Rodrigues collected by Mr. Sclater, of the Transit Expedition, and since then another fine collection has been brought home by Mr. Edward Newton, the Colonial Secretary of Mauritius. To this gentleman, and to his brother, Professor Newton, we owe most of our knowledge of the structure of the famous "solitaire" of the old voyagers, and we trust that he will shortly give us a collected account of the recent birds of the Mascarenes. Those of the Galapagos, which do not appear to have been as yet much reduced in numbers, have been described by Mr. Osbert Salvin in a paper lately read before the Zoological Society, which will be published in the Society's *Transactions*. But the most important recent contribution to the subject is a series of memoirs on the recent and extinct land-tortoises of these two groups, which has been undertaken by Dr. Günther, and of which the first two parts have appeared in the Royal Society's *Philosophical Transactions*. When first discovered, both the Mascarenes and the Galapagos were inhabited by vast herds of land-tortoises of the most gigantic stature (whence, indeed, the Spanish name of the latter group). Leguat says that in Rodrigues two or three thousand might be seen in a flock, packed so closely that a man could walk for a hundred yards on their backs. Being so very easily taken, living long on shipboard without requiring food, and affording fresh meat of delicious flavour, it is easy to understand how fatal were the visits of ships to the poor creatures. In the Mascarenes they are now practically exter-

minated; one species only is known to linger in the island of Aldabra, whence it has been introduced in a semi-domestic state into the Seychelles, and of which fine examples are now living in the Zoological Society's gardens. In the Galapagos they have been greatly reduced in numbers, totally exterminated in at least one island, and all the larger individuals killed off in others. From an examination of the specimens preserved in European museums, and of the semi-fossil bones brought from the Mascarenes, Dr. Günther has arrived at very important results. He finds that the various land-tortoises found in a sub-fossil state in the Mascarenes differ in many important characters from those which have been extirpated by man in recent times, and are rather allied to those which still exist on the distant Galapagos. Of these latter he has described five distinct species, thus confirming the unanimous statement of travellers that the tortoises of each island differed from those inhabiting the others.

"There is no doubt," says Dr. Günther, "that so singular an animal-type as this land-tortoise, grown up within so well-defined an area as the Galapagos, and repeated with almost identical modifications of development at the opposite side of the globe at the Mascarenes, would have yielded the most valuable material towards solving the question of the genesis of species if a complete set of examples from every island had been secured for examination. This is now impossible, the causes of their extermination having been so long at work. What happened at the Mascarenes has commenced at the Galapagos."

Nevertheless, we are glad to hear that the Admiralty have ordered a man-of-war of the Pacific station to visit the islands, to secure such specimens as may be yet obtainable.

*Figuer's "Mammalia."*—We have received a revised English edition of a popular work on "Mammalia"—"adapted from the text of Louis Figuer" by Professor E. Perceval Wright (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin). In such a compilation too high a standard of science should not perhaps be demanded. The present little volume is certainly attractive, the accounts of the various animals are spirited, interesting, and usually accurate, the illustrations are numerous, well chosen, and mostly well executed, and the whole forms a popular gift-book considerably above the average of such works. But when we find a well-known name like that of Professor Perceval Wright on the title-page, we naturally expect something more. We can hardly understand how a biologist of his standing can lend his name to an arrangement in which the seals are entirely removed from the neighbourhood of the terrestrial Carnivores. The old exploded order *Pachydermata* is retained with its heterogeneous contents, and the Edentates are considered to be "already" of more perfect organic structure than the Ruminants (p. 7). The beaver and the capybara are again placed side by side; the American pouched-rat (*Geomys*) is represented (at p. 457) in time-honoured fashion with its cheek-pouches turned inside out; and at p. 381 is figured what appears to be a hitherto undescribed spotted variety of the common European wild cat (*Felis Catus*). Surely in "adapting" even a popular work Professor Wright was bound to bring it more completely into accordance with the present state of science.

##### PHILOLOGY.

A TRANSLATION and adaptation of Baur's *Sprachwissenschaftliche Einleitung in das Griechische und Lateinische für obere Gymnasialklassen*, for the use of the higher classes in English schools, will shortly be published by Messrs. Henry S. King and Co. The task of rendering the work into English has been undertaken by Mr. C. Kegan Paul and the Rev. Edward Stone, Assistant Master at Eton College.

*Maltby's Practical Handbook of the Uriya Language* (Wyman) supplies a long-felt void in the literature of the Indian vernaculars. We

may say at once that it forms an excellent introduction to this little known but interesting Aryan dialect, and, used with discretion, will prove of value to the philologist. In a bold leaded type the crabbed Uriya character, the despair of beginners, loses half its terrors, and a specimen alphabet with letters nearly half an inch high enables the reader to study its intricacies with comfort. The whole arrangement of the book is clear, simple, and attractive, and the native words are in every instance accompanied by a transliteration, a great boon to the European philologist, to whom vernacular grammars are often mainly books of reference, and who can hardly be expected to read such a character as the Uriya with perfect fluency. Nor is the boon confined to philologists, and we agree with Mr. Maltby when he says that, "one of the greatest advantages of beginning an Oriental language in the Roman character is that it enables the learner to make use of the language at once, and thus encourages him to persevere." At the same time it is easy to go too far in this direction, and we regret to see that the exercises, which take up more than half the volume, are given in the Roman character only. In a second edition we would advise Mr. Maltby to diminish the number of the exercises, and to give the text in both Uriya and Roman characters in parallel columns. The faults of the book are principally philological. The author appears to know nothing of a scientific system of transcription, and has adopted an empirical system of his own, one feature of which is the use of the vowel *o* to represent an Uriya *a*. It is true that in Bengali and Uriya the Sanskrit short *a* has undergone modification in sound, but it still belongs to the *a* class, and has not been turned into an *o*, as Mr. Maltby appears to believe; and when he says that the Uriya *a* is pronounced like the *o* in "not," he in fact condemns his own system, for the sound represented by *o* in the word "not" belongs to the *a* class and not the *o* class. Then we have such solecisms as *hingsá* for *himsá*, and worse still *táŋku* for *táŋka*, and the nasal of the second class is represented by *ny* instead of *ñ*. Again, the alphabetical table at pp. 2-9, in which the letters are arranged in the European order, has a painfully unscientific look. It should have been omitted, and remarks on pronunciation and transliteration appended to the table at p. 12. A serious philological error occurs at the very outset of the grammar, where Mr. Maltby speaks of the plural *lóke* as an abbreviation of *lókamáne*, the fact being that these two forms are as distinct as possible in their derivation. In spite of these defects, which can be easily remedied in a second edition, Mr. Maltby's *Hand-book* is a work of real merit, and a great advance on its predecessors.

UNDER the title of "The Tale of Nala," the Rev. Thomas Jarrett, Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, has published an introduction to the study of Sanskrit, designed for the use of those who wish to learn something of that language without taking the trouble to learn the modern Nāgari characters in which it is usually printed. It is very questionable whether any such desire ought to be encouraged, and in any case this book cannot be recommended. The system of transliteration used has all the disadvantage of novelty, with other disadvantages peculiar to itself. What is to be gained by representing short and long *i* by *i* without a dot and *i*, long *a* and *u* by *ā* and *ū*, &c., it is impossible to see; and such transliterations as *veda-vic*, *chūro* (with a comma in the middle of a *sandhi*!) or *manu-j'-endrānam*, must be as misleading to the student in search of a royal road to Sanskrit as they are distasteful to the scholar. A grammar and a vocabulary spelt on the same system are added to the work, but they are so incomplete that the student will have, after all, to refer to other books. The use of this one will only add to his difficulty in doing so.

A SHORT and good Hebrew grammar, on the

principles of a sound comparative philology, has long been a desideratum in English. We are happy to state that the gap is likely to be, to some extent, filled by a translation of Professor Land's *Hebreusche Grammatica*, Part I. (Amsterdam, 1869), with the author's latest corrections. The object of the work is to explain the forms of Hebrew as they exist in the Hebrew Bible by reference to an earlier form of the language, inferred chiefly by a comparison of the cognate languages, especially Arabic and Aramaic. For an account of Professor Land's theory on the development of the Hebrew vowel-system, see *ACADEMY*, vol. ii. (October 22, 1870), pp. 21, 22.

DILLMANN has already given extracts, in his *Aethiopic Chrestomathy*, from a collection of proverbs and sayings of philosophers, called *Mashafa Faldāfā Tabībān*, or "The Book of the Wise Philosopher." Dr. Cornill has made this the subject of a carefully written dissertation (*Das Buch des Weisen Philosophen nach dem aethiopischen untersucht*, von C. H. Cornill, Dr. phil. Leipzig: Brockhaus). The work gives us an idea of the industry of Oriental monks, and the strange caricatures of Greek philosophy which passed current among them—nothing more. The original language of this compilation was Arabic, but it is only known in this Aethiopic version, with some extracts from which Dr. Cornill presents us in the appendix. The dissertation is a good testimonial to the author's scholarship.

*The Book called Job.* From the Hebrew. With Foot-notes. By Oliver S. Halsted, ex-Chancellor of the State of New Jersey. (Published by the Author, Lyon's Farms, New Jersey, September, 1875.) We know so little in England about the state of Biblical studies in America that it would be hazardous to condemn the author for the many singularities which stud the pages of this volume. One thing is clear, that he is a self-taught student, and has no opinion of what is ordinarily supposed to be philology. Not only does he despise the Masoretic pronunciation—he prints "Aliphz that Timni," "Belded that Shui," "aleim" (for "elohim"), "stn" (for "satan")—but he makes no attempt to explain the simplest phenomena of Hebrew idiom. What he offers us is not so much a translation as a transcription of the Hebrew. Here is chap. xxiii. 1-4:—

"1. And answered Job and said: 2. Truly this day, bitter, quarrel of me; hand of Jehovah heavy more than groaning of me: 3. Who will give might know I and might find I him, might enter even to place of him. 4. I would put in order to face of him cause, and mouth would fill of arguments."

The chief interest of the notes is controversial. The author is severe on those who defend the "immortality of the soul" on Biblical grounds, and still more so on those who have "imposed on human credulity the enormous cheat of a personal devil." The word "devil," it appears, is from the Latin *de*, "of," and the Hebrew *ouil*, "evil." It is one of the countless misdemeanours of "the great Apostacy, which made the Latin the sacred language of Scripture." Such are the diversions, harmless if not very instructive, of an ex-Chancellor of the State of New Jersey.

*Genesis. With Notes.* By the Rev. G. V. Garland, M.A. Parts I. to IV. (Rivingtons.) The object of the author is "to account for the great diversity of meaning given to the same Hebrew words, as shown by the examination of" the Concordance. He discards the points as arbitrary, and endeavours to give one uniform rendering to each Hebrew word. We greatly regret the time and money the author has wasted on such a supremely futile undertaking.

ONE of the last Apocalypses written by the Jews is the fourth book of Ezra, composed, according to the latest critics, about 97 A.D. The Greek text of it is lost, and the Latin one of the Vulgate is in a very incorrect state. There are chapters at the beginning and the end of the book added by a

later hand; the text itself swarms with faults, and, above all, there is a lacuna between the 35th and 36th verses of the seventh chapter. This was clearly proved by many critics, and was finally confirmed by the publication of the Oriental translations of this Apocryphal writing. That the missing passage existed in Latin also was evident by the quotations of St. Ambrose in his treatise *De Bono Mortis*, but all collations with MSS. of various libraries for filling up the gap remained unsuccessful. The good fortune of discovering these missing verses was reserved for Mr. Bensly, sub-librarian of the University Library at Cambridge. He found them in a MS. of the ninth century, belonging to the town library at Amiens, and has published them in his pamphlet, *The Missing Fragments of the Latin translation of the Fourth Book of Ezra* (Cambridge: Univ. Press). The reason why those verses (they are no less than sixty-nine) were omitted in later MSS. is that they prove the uselessness of prayers for the dead. Mr. Bensly not only reproduces the missing verses with a critical apparatus and a full description of the MS., to which he has added a facsimile, but he also gives the history of the various editions of the fourth book of Ezra without omitting anything concerning the latest researches with regard to the texts of this book. He adds at the end parts of the missing passages from Ambrose and Jerome. The editor has been indefatigable in completing his object. On page 41 we find a list of no less than thirty-eight MSS. of various libraries which Mr. Bensly has collated for the sake of the missing passage. The notes and the addenda are literally crammed with learned matter relating to both the Latin as well as the Oriental texts of the book. The full indexes at the end much facilitate the use of Mr. Bensly's book. We are glad to see from the title-page that he is preparing an edition of the Latin text revised, with the two oldest MSS. of the fourth book of Ezra, so badly treated by the editors of the *Vulgate*.

DR. LUDWIG GEIGER keeps his promise; the second volume of his father's posthumous writings has followed close after the first, and the third will appear immediately. The present volume is more interesting than the first; it contains Dr. Geiger's Lectures on Hebrew and Rabbinical Literature delivered in the Jüdische Hochschule at Berlin, as introductory to the study of Jewish Theology. They are published from the notes taken by his pupils, and of course are not complete; the lamented Professor would not have published them in such an imperfect shape, and especially without references, but even in their present form they may claim the attention of persons interested in the post-biblical literature of the Jews. These lectures are followed on p. 246 by another delivered at Breslau in the year 1849, and on p. 277 by literary letters (also on the above-mentioned subject), written by him in the year 1853. The latter are scattered throughout various periodicals, some of which are now out of print.

NOT only was the Holy Scripture provided with a Masorah, but also the Targum on the Pentateuch attributed to Onkelos (Aquila). Since it became obligatory to read the Targum on the Sabbath, together with the corresponding section of the Hebrew text of the Pentateuch (*ACADEMY*, vol. vii. p. 93), the necessity for fixing that text also was felt to be a necessity, and in fact we find the existence of such a Masorah on the Targum mentioned by the author of the *Pathshegen* (*Ibid.*). The famous grammarian Elias Levita also quotes three passages of such a Masorah. Finally, the late S. D. Luzzatto published fragments of a Masorah on the Targum of the Pentateuch, found on the margin of a MS., and these have been republished by Dr. Adler together with his commentary on Onkelos (*Ibid.*). A complete copy, however, was discovered two years ago by Dr. Berliner in a MS. at Parma, from which we have



now an edition made by him with a German translation, and with variations from fragments contained in other MSS. at Rome and Milan. It is published in the Annual Report for 1874-5 of the Orthodox Rabbinical School at Berlin. This publication is a very valuable contribution towards preparing a critical edition of Onkelos—a work much to be desired. Dr. Berliner promises a second part, without stating what it will contain.

In the *Rheinisches Museum* (vol. xxx. part 4), the longest and most elaborate article is by Jacoby on "The Relations of Diodorus Siculus to Ctesias." The contention of the writer is, that the history of Assyria in Diodorus, ii. 1-31, and probably that of Media in ii. 32-34, are taken, not directly from Ctesias, but from some writer of the time of Alexander (probably Clitarchus) who had himself used Ctesias, partly by directly borrowing from him, partly by working up the material he offered. Blass ("Aristotelisches") contributes a very interesting paper on the use and avoidance of the *hiatus* in the prose of Aristotle, arguing that its absence in certain passages of his works tends to show that those passages originally belonged, not to the strictly philosophical treatises in which they are now found, but to popular writings of the philosopher on the same subject; writings in which, though the treatment of the matter would be comparatively superficial, greater attention would be paid to the form. Schultz has a short article containing contributions to the topography of Athens. An essay by Halm on the MS. tradition of Velleius Paterculus is of great importance; the same can hardly be said of Andresen's "Emendationes Quintilianee."

*Hermes* (vol. x. part 3) contains papers by Lampros on the Codex Palatinus (x. 88) of Lysias; by Hiller on the MS. Tradition of Albinus; and by Wilamowitz-Möllendorf (conjectural emendations) on the Treatise on the Sublime attributed to Longinus. In an important article H. Pack contends against Gutschmid that the Macedonian *ἀναρχία* came into existence, not in the time of Alexander I., but in that of Archelaus, and that the accession of that monarch (414-3 B.C.) is the first really historical fact recorded in it. Schreiber discusses the so-called "fragment" in Proclus' analysis of the epic cycle, which he thinks does not, as Michaelis supposed, belong to the epitome of a poem by Stesichorus. Buermann treats the *Κατηγορία πρὸς τοὺς συνομαρτὰς* of the Pseudo-Lysias, in which he finds the most distinct notes of spuriousness; and Kramer, in a short article, deals very severely with the Padre Cozza's memoir on the recently discovered *codex rescriptus* of Strabo. The number closes with two brief papers by Schiche on Cicero, and by Mommsen on Diets.

#### MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND ANTIQUARIAN AND ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the winter session of this Society, which was held on December 9 at Carlisle, James Fowler, Esq., F.S.A., read a paper on "The Sculpture on the Capitals of twelve Pillars in the Choir of the Cathedral," representing the twelve months of the year. A similar series occurs on the eight sides of a capital in the ducal palace at Venice, and the signs of the zodiac are carved on the capitals in the Abbey of Ste. Geneviève at Paris, while isolated symbols of the seasons and months of the year are frequently found in our own country. This, however, is the only instance of which Mr. Fowler was aware, presenting a complete cycle of the months, each carved on a single capital. The symbols are as follows:—*January*. A three-headed figure, intended for Janus, the two hands holding drinking-cups to the mouths of the two side faces; *February*. A man in tunic and hood, warming himself at a fire, and emptying the water from the boot he has just taken off; *March*. A man digging at the root of a leafless tree; *April*. A man pruning a tree; *May*. A woman presenting a

bunch of flowers to a man; *June*. An equestrian figure, with a hawk on his right fist and a bunch of roses in his left hand; *July*. A man preparing fodder for his cattle; *August*. A man cutting down a thistle in a corn-field; *September*. A reaper; *October*. A man gathering grapes; *November*. A sower; and for *December*, A butcher killing an ox. The date of the sculptures is late in the fourteenth century, and they closely resemble drawings in the MS. calendars of the period. Mr. R. S. Ferguson gave an account of the ancient stained glass in the upper part of the east window of the Cathedral, of which but little notice has hitherto been taken. In the uppermost quatrefoil Mr. Ferguson pointed out the seated figure of the Saviour, robed in blue, with a cruciform nimbus, his feet resting on concentric arches of orange, red, lilac, blue, green, and yellow. Beside Him are angels, one bearing the spear and crown of thorns. Below these figures are the towers of the Heavenly Jerusalem. At the gate stands St. Peter, the river of life flowing at his feet, and angels watch from the towers the troop of risen bodies hastening to the city. On the other side is seen the place of punishment, where the wicked are tortured with fire and steel by devils of various colours. It is not known what was the subject represented on the lower part of the window, but Mr. Ferguson suggested that it may have been a tree of Jesse. The so-called Charter horns in possession of the dean and chapter were exhibited. These are the tusks of a walrus, with a portion of the skull attached, and have been supposed to be the horn by which Henry I. granted to the prior and convent the tithes of land in Inglewood Forest; but from the description by Thomas Tonge, Norroy king-at-arms, in 1530, it is clear that the horn in question was of ivory, with an inscription. It cannot, therefore, be identified with the tusks at present existing. Mr. Nanson, in a paper on the subject, was inclined to attribute the grant of tithes to Henry III. instead of Henry I., but was unable to discover what had become of the real Charter horn, or to give any history of the walrus tusks.

Canon Dixon read an interesting paper on the Chapter Library, which was thrown open to the visitors, and Mr. Ferguson communicated some extracts from the registers of the parishes of St. Cuthbert and St. Mary, Carlisle, principally of the last century, and many of them referring to the siege of that city in 1745 and 1746.

#### ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, December 28.)

COLONEL A. LANE-FOX, President, in the Chair. Mr. John Evans read a Note on a proposed International Code of Symbols for use on Archaeological Maps which had been prepared by the sub-committee appointed at the Stockholm meeting of the Congress of Pre-historic Archaeology. Miss A. W. Buckland read a paper on "Divination by the rod and by the arrow." The author endeavoured to prove that from personal observation Rhabdomania is still practised in England, and that it is a survival of a very ancient superstition originating in the use of rods as symbols of power; that Belomancy, said to be of Scythian origin, was practised in Babylon, Judaea, and Arabia, and that traces of it may now be found in the folk-lore of Russia; and that a strong resemblance exists between the implements of magic and the ancient alphabets. It was contended that the arts of magic and divination were not of Aryan origin, but remnants of the Turanian or pre-Aryan faith which once overspread the world; that was proved by their present existence among aboriginal non-Aryan races, and might perhaps even be used as a test of race. Those persons who in Somerset and Cornwall were said to possess the power of divination by the rod might possibly have some remote affinity with the aboriginal inhabitants of Britain.

#### MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—(Monday, January 3.)

JOHN HULLAH, Esq., in the Chair. Sir Frederick Ouseley, Bart., read a paper on "The Progress of Ecclesiastical Music in Western Europe." Sir Frederick began by attacking an opinion which prevails extensively that the music of the early church, misnamed Gregorian music, had a Hebrew origin. Padre Martini, an able musician of the last century, upheld this view and argued ably for it. Sir Frederick considered that the construction of the Arabian scale which has probably, among people of such unchanging habits, come down

to us unaltered, is alone proof sufficient that the Gregorian music could not have been derived from such a source. In fact, it was almost certain that Ambrose and Gregory took their music from the Greeks, and, in doing so, no doubt took the best available at that time. The first addition to the ancient plain song was the barbarous "organum," as it was called—the accompaniment, that is, of the Canto Fermo by fifths above and fourths below, arranged in various ways, and which some persons consider may have produced an effect somewhat similar to the four feet and other stops of the organ; as, however, the voices were not arranged according to the harmonic series, this would hardly be the case, and the effect of such a performance would no doubt be hideous to modern ears. After this we find that the "organum" was not always kept at one distance from the Canto Fermo, and soon we find "Descant" in vogue. Rules for singing extemporaneous descant were framed, and then shortly developed into counterpoint, and counterpoint after a time became so elaborate that the Canto Fermo was not to be heard. Secular music, with exceedingly secular words, was often introduced into the services of the sanctuary. Palestrina put an end to this state of things, and saved music to the church, from which it was in great danger of being banished. The art of writing upon a Canto Fermo was still cultivated, though not so much among English church composers.

After mentioning the introduction of bands into the Chapels Royal of Charles the Second, Sir Frederick warmly recommended their employment on great occasions now. He thought that in their way the musicians of the present day might find the church music of the future, and not by forsaking the severe style of the last few centuries for the free and meaningless modulations which were too common now.

After the lecture a discussion took place. Mr. Chappell said that, in his opinion, the Arabian music of the seventh century was derived from the Greeks. Mr. Cummings, Dr. Stainer, Mr. Parratt, and finally, the chairman, Mr. John Hullah, addressed the members. The meeting closed with the usual vote of thanks to the reader and the chairman.

#### SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL ARCHAEOLOGY.—(Tuesday, January 4.)

DR. S. BIRCH, President, in the chair. The following papers were read:—

I. "On a New Cypriot Inscription," by D. Pierides. This new text is a very short one, consisting of thirteen letters. It is engraved on two golden armlets which were recently discovered at Kurion, and which, in the opinion of M. Pierides, date from the 5th century B.C. The following is a Latin translation of the inscription: "Eteandri Regis Paphi."

II. "On the Creation Tablets and the First Institution of the Sabbath," by H. Fox Talbot, F.R.S. This paper was a translation with notes of two of the newly-discovered tablets which now go by the name of the Creation Tablets, and of which the text was presented to the Society by Mr. George Smith in November last, previously to his departure for Mesopotamia. Mr. Talbot's translation differs somewhat from that given by Mr. Smith in his *Babylonian Account of Genesis*. It was accompanied by notes, and will appear together with a critical analysis of the text in due course in the *Transactions* of the Society.

III. "On the Numbers of the Jews in all Ages," by the Rev. Josiah Miller, M.A.

IV. "On a Grammar of the Himyaritic Language," by Captain W. E. Prideaux, R.E.

V. "On the Chaldean Account of the Tower of Babel," by W. St. Chad Boscawen.

VI. "Remarks upon a Hieroglyphic Inscription of Darius at El-Khargeh," by S. Birch, LL.D.

VII. "Note on the Obelisk at Xanthus," by S. Birch, LL.D. The paper on this subject referred to the Greek and Lycian inscription on the northern face of the obelisk, published by the late Sir C. Fellows and Moritz Schmidt. The northern face was considered to be justly placed last by Schmidt, as from the fragments discovered since that publication it is clear that the inscription really commenced with the southern face, which has *abun[u] prinafru prinafutu* . . . . . *Arpagohe tedeeme*, "This tomb made . . . . . son of Arpagus." The north side is consequently the end of that inscription, the first twenty

lines of it closing the Lycian portion, and it states that the "stèle," in Lycian, *stata*, was "erected," *stata*, by the son of Harpagus, who is styled, among his other titles, *se-Parza: gowede*, "and a Persian lord," as well as *Musefêhe: ame se: gowede*, "governor of Mysia and lord." The twelve hexameter lines of Greek which follow are supposed to be an addition to the Lycian after its termination, and are from line 21 to 32 inclusive. The new point of importance in the present paper is the discovery that the following thirty-four lines of Lycian are a paraphrase or translation of the twelve lines of Greek. This is proved from the following considerations: first, that these thirty-four lines have been divided into twelve portions by a curved line, thus, ). Eleven of these divisions remain, and the last word of the Lycian, *ebmasa*, of course, required no such ), as it terminated the whole. The additional proof is found by comparing the Greek tenth line: "He killed seven heavy-armed soldiers (*δωδεκάκωπας*, *hoplitas*) in a day." These have been restored as Arcadians by Boeckh and Schmidt. The Lycian lines 58-59 end, *tovores: opleses: sekates: Arppagos: ute: tapifute*, where the word *opleses* is evidently the Lycian transcription of *hoplitas*. The whole is evidently a paraphrase, not a literal translation, nearly three lines of Lycian being required to explain one Greek, and the genius of the language requiring the name of Harpagos, mentioned in line 25 of the Greek, to be inserted here; if, indeed, the Greek does read *Arkadai*, which does not scan, and the Greek is restored ΕΙΤΑΔΕ ΟΗΑΙΤΑΣ ΚΤΕΙΝΕΝ ΕΝ ΗΜΕΡΑΙ ΑΡΗΙΑΚΑΣ ΑΝ[ΔΡΑΣ]. (There is not room enough for *andras* at the end.)

#### ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, January 5.)

SIR SIDNEY SMITH SAUNDERS, C.M.G., President, in the Chair. The Rev. R. P. Murray exhibited a collection of Lepidoptera taken by himself on the Higher Alps, among which were some interesting mountain varieties. Mr. S. Stevens exhibited a specimen of a dragon-fly rare in this country (*Aeschnia mixta*), which he had picked up nearly dead in his garden at Upper Norwood in the middle of November. Mr. Champion exhibited some rare Coleoptera recently taken by himself. Mr. H. W. Bates communicated a paper entitled "Additions to the list of Geodephagous Coleoptera of Japan, with synonymic and other remarks." Mr. W. H. Miskin, of Queensland, communicated a description of a new and remarkable species of moth belonging to the genus *Attacus*, of which a male and a female had been taken in the neighbourhood of Cape York. He had named the species *A. Hercules*. The expanse of the wings measured nine inches, and the hind wings were furnished with tails. The specimens had been deposited in the Queensland Museum. Mr. C. O. Waterhouse forwarded a paper "On various new Genera and Species of Coleoptera," belonging to the *Geodephaga*, *Necrophaga*, *Lamellicornia* and *Rhynchophora*.

Part IV. of the *Transactions* for 1875 was on the table.

#### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—(Monday, January 11.)

THE President, Major-General Sir Henry Rawlinson, K.C.B., opened the proceedings by congratulating the Society on the recent successful journey of Lieutenant Cameron across the entire breadth of the African continent. After referring to the circumstances under which he had first proceeded to relieve Livingstone, and, after the death of the latter, had explored Lake Tanganyika and discovered its outlet, Sir H. Rawlinson stated that Lieutenant Cameron had not succeeded in following the course of the Lualaba down to the coast, but that he had fairly crossed the continent of Africa, traversing 1,200 miles of entirely new country, and had taken nearly 400 lunar observations, thus laying down a sound geographical basis for the future exploration of the country.

Letters from Lieut. Cameron were then read, in the first of which he stated that he was recovering from an attack of scurvy, which came on the day he arrived at the coast. He pronounces the interior of Africa to be a magnificent and healthy country of unspeakable richness. Coal of good quality had been found, and gold, copper, iron, and silver are abundant. The Lieutenant is confident that with a wise and liberal expenditure of capital, one of the greatest systems of inland navigation in the world might there be opened and soon prove remunerative. Among the vegetable productions which may be made profitable

are nutmegs, coffee, semsem, ground-nuts, oil-palms, the *mpafu* (an oil-producing tree), rice, indiarubber, copal, and sugar-cane. It would be possible to connect by a short canal the two great systems of the Congo and Zambesi.

In the second letter, Lieutenant Cameron stated that from Ujiji he had travelled to Nyangwe, Livingstone's farthest point, by nearly the same route as the Doctor had followed. Thence the Lualaba river is reported to leave its northing and turn to the west, and further down to flow in a W.S.W. direction. A river said to be as large as the Lualaba at Nyangwe joins it a short way further down from the northward, besides other important rivers from the same direction. At Nyangwe the Lualaba is 1,400 feet above the sea, and lies in the centre of an enormously wide valley, which receives the drainage of all this part of Africa. After describing his route from Nyangwe and the difficulties raised by the various chiefs against his progress, Lieutenant Cameron gave a sketch of the geography of the region, from which it appears that the Lomami, which is a tributary of the Lualaba, has no connexion with the Kassaba, as shown by Keith Johnston. The Lualaba mentioned as such by the Pombeiros, was the true Lualaba. Between Lufira and the true Lualaba lies Katanga, a district rich in copper and gold, and with a great abundance of game. The Lukuga or outlet of Lake Tanganyika joins the Lualaba before reaching Lake Lanji, and beyond Nyangwe the Lualaba flows through Lake Sankorra.

After some geographical notes on the results of Cameron's journey by Mr. Keith Johnston had been read, a discussion ensued in which Mr. Monteiro, Mr. F. Galton, F.R.S., and the Rev. Horace Waller took part.

The President said, in conclusion, that it would be interesting to know that Lieutenant Cameron had travelled on foot 2,953 miles from Zanzibar to Benguela, trusting to mere accident for his livelihood as he went along. He also announced that the Royal Geographical Society had contributed 1,000*l.* towards the heavy expense incurred through Cameron's expedition.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY.—(Thursday, January 13.)

The following paper was read:—"On the Optical Department of the Atmosphere with reference to the Phenomena of Putrefaction and Infection," by Dr. Tyndall.

#### FINE ART.

##### ROYAL ACADEMY.—SEVENTH WINTER EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS.

##### (Second Notice.)

It is enough for more than one day's study in this exhibition to take the three English painters, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney, and compare them. A foreigner ignorant of our school, or knowing it only by hearsay, might come to the exhibition and acquaint himself, sufficiently for a just and adequate general judgment, with the genius and characteristics of at least these three of our best masters. Hercules we may know, says the adage, from his foot; but it is not always safe to form a general judgment of a painter from two or three of his pictures; and in these very gatherings it often happens that hasty judges, from two or three examples of a master with whom they have not made themselves elsewhere familiar, conceive and report quite wrongly of him. But this time, each of the three chief men who painted likenesses when George the Third was king, asserts himself really as he was, and from the foot he here shows, you can well and safely infer the kind of Hercules that was in him. Of Romney, it is true, there are only six pieces, but they are of his best. Of Reynolds there are as many as thirty, ranging from the very earliest to the very latest years of his practice. Of Gainsborough there are twenty, and twenty so luckily assembled that you could hardly know more about the master as he was, not in his youth but in his mature years, if you were to see ten times as much of his work; for here are portraits by him both sketched and finished, here are gala groups airing in the Park,

here are landscapes alive with the creatures of the farm, here are idylls of peasant children dainty and winning in their torn frocks.

What will most interest our foreigner will be the abstract and brief chronicle of the time—the record of English life and character, of English beauty and breeding, a hundred years ago—which he can read variously reported in the work of the three masters according to the bent and observation of them each. We will accompany him on that study directly, but that it may not be interrupted when it is begun, we will invite him first to look at the pictures of Gainsborough which are not portraits, and do not belong to the record in that sense. First of all there is the *Cottage Girl* (11), familiar and dear to many of us already by the print; a sweet maiden standing on a knoll with a jug in one hand, a black and white puppy tucked under the other arm, her hair wisped forward over her forehead, her rosebud mouth a little perplexed and wistful, her innocent head a little hanging. Behind her, a blue sweep of wooded hollow, and hills in the light beyond it. The tattered frock, the simple looks, do not make of her a real peasant child; like all Gainsborough's peasant children, she is a little lady posed in the part, but posed so sweetly and naturally, and with the scene, the background decoration, brushed in so happily, that the artifice never annoys one as it does in the idylls of almost all other schools. The picture has suffered little; the painting of the figure is plain and firm, with less of the audacity and magic of the master than usual, the happiest passage being the little woolly puppy with his helpless hanging fore-leg and stumpy tail. Gainsborough was very great in dogs; turn now to No. 44, and say if you ever saw the life and eagerness of one, the light and shadow and sweep and colour of its coat, the whole spirit and aspect of the creature, so vividly and astonishingly set down as in this portrait of a white Pomeranian and her puppy. It is lighter and nimbler, but not less masterly and direct, than the big bloodhound and small greyhound which we thought unsurpassable in Velazquez' portrait of the boy Don Baltasar Carlos last year. Gainsborough, working, as he used, with his paints liquid and his brush wet, and drawing with his sweeps and flourishes swift but sure, has made the dog breathe and pant before us, arresting the very glance and posture of the moment while it sits still beside its puppy, and will anon be off again from sheer excess of life. The owner of this delightful piece, Mr. Thoyts, sends also a landscape with cattle (29), in which Gainsborough has been thought to have had before him a picture of Cuyp which also chances to be in this exhibition—see No. 75 in the Second Gallery. I do not think the coincidence between the compositions need be more than casual. In each there are figures on the right hand, and towards the left a white cow reclining between two of a darker colour; and in each the sky is clearing from the left; but there the likeness ends; the Cuyp, for a Cuyp, is unusually sombre, the Gainsborough, for a Gainsborough even, is amazingly full of light, being indeed an experiment, in his hasty and daring manner, to make his canvas as luminous and moving as possible, and to give the strongest sense of the sky clearing before the breeze, while the cattle sniff the breeze or browse. Nothing can be less like his early painstaking manner, which is not here represented, and of which the *Cornard Wood* in the National Gallery is the best example. No. 40, Lord Lonsdale's picture of *Horses Drinking*, is more hasty and daring still; there is storm in the sky and landscape, and the wind comes behind the horses which a countryman, riding one of them, has stopped at a trough; a great dog, who is drinking too, flies at the nose of one horse and makes him flinch and put his ears back; there is a spirit in it which reminds one of more elaborate pieces of the master's like the *Boys and Fighting Dogs* and the *Woodman in a*



*Storm.* Crossing to Gallery No. X., we find a picture unique in our knowledge of Gainsborough, that of *Ladies Walking in the Mall*, done about the year 1780. If, as is likely, these groups are portraits of the famous beauties, the work is too sketchy and small in scale for us to pick them out with certainty, and to say, this is her Grace of Rutland and this her Grace of Devonshire, this Mrs. Crewe, and so forth. But with its slight execution, and making allowance for the conventional tree backgrounds which Gainsborough would smear in so as scarcely to give a suggestion of natural trees, but only to dispose green and grey light and shade where he wanted it, and granting him his aim, which was to seize the air, the life, the movement of the object before him, the piece is almost perfect. The groups are greatly disposed in the space, the light and shadow fall upon them in delightful interchange, they are alive, elegant, expressive in every turn of their heads and pose of their bodies and adjustment of their dresses as they walk.

And this leads us to portrait proper, in which we have here so good a chance of seeing Gainsborough pit himself against his compeers. Perhaps his most consummate piece of all is the small unfinished sketch of Mrs. Robinson the actress—the Perdita to whom her Florizel, the Prince of Wales, was faithless after so short a season. She sits on a bank with one knee over the other, and a Pomeranian pet beside her. It is the merest sketch, but of an incomparable delicacy and charm. Look at the lovely eyes, the soft half-shadows of the face, the sense you feel expressed, in those light strokes and twirls of the brush with which Gainsborough has sketched in her garments, of the body and its beauty underneath them. Next is that cluster of four separate heads which give a new and exquisite life for us to the kind creatures we felt as if we knew already from Fanny Burney's diary. There is the "sweet Queen," her hair, which she used to submit, we remember, for a special hour twice in each week to the assiduities of the hairdresser, piled high beneath her pleated cap, her eyes a little shrewdly closed, her plain face mobile with smiles half gentle half humorous, so that we can realise visibly that tact and kindness of nature which encouraged our dear and loyal Miss Burney to support so long the weariness of her service. In the heads of the three Princesses, besides the same art of immortalising, by a careless-seeming turn of his brush, the most minute and momentary looks, a whimsical half blink of the eyelids, a half-rebellious pout of the mouth, Gainsborough exhibits his delight in the bloom and transparency of youthful cheeks—not cheeks, but peaches—and an exquisite art in painting them.

The ceremonial full-lengths of the Queen and the Duke of Cumberland in the Great Room (151, 158) show Gainsborough's power of dignifying his subjects as well as giving life to them, and how that swift touch of his was no less adroit in playing with the pomp of satins and jewellery than with the life in ladies' lips and eyes or the shadows and softness of a pretty throat escaping from its ruffs and frills. The lady holding an ostrich feather, and wearing a great hat and a wide vandyked collar in the first room—*Lady de Dunstanville* (9)—is another splendid example of high-bred breathing life, animation, distinction, and would be a perfect painting, but that, as in so many other of Gainsborough's, the greenish silver half-shadows which he loved and gave tone to his pictures with, have come into undue predominance by a certain fading of the rest. There are two portraits, both admirable, of the husband of this lady (8, 42). And lastly, there is the great portrait of Garrick from Stratford-on-Avon (59), which Mrs. Garrick used to say was the best ever painted of her Davie. There are tales telling how hard painters found it to take the likeness of David Garrick, in whom the instinct of mimicry was so strong, and the trick of mobility so inveterate, that he seemed to have no cast of fea-

tures or expression that was veritably his own. The four painters who have treated him in this room have made of him each something very different from the other, agreeing only, and Garrick and Hogarth the most noticeably, in the amazing lustre of a pair of dark eyes that hold and draw you across the whole room. But even the lustre of his eyes, we feel, Garrick has at command, and can kindle or quench as he pleases. There is artifice in the way in which, in Gainsborough's picture, he leans clasping the bust of Shakspeare on its pedestal; but probably as little of such artifice, as little *pose*, as Garrick could ever be caught exercising; and the picture is very manly, brilliant, and interesting.

Let us turn now to Reynolds. His earliest picture here, painted when he was twenty-three, at Plymouth, shows us a family or conversation piece, as it was called, of small figures grouped in a taste that had been popular at the beginning of the century, but was by this time—1746—beginning to go out. In this group of the Eliot family lent by Lord St. Germans (3), the grown-up people and children are scattered clumsily on a kind of dais, most of them standing straight up and looking straight out; it is a manner which dull Englishmen in Queen Anne's time had taken from dull Flemings, and into which Hogarth alone threw, not grace indeed, but character and force. The young Reynolds's performance is not much above the average of the class; its only merits are a richness in the colour and an attempt at natural feeling in the child riding pick-a-back on Captain Hamilton. He had a huge way to advance from this to the great Marlborough family picture at Blenheim; and indeed in one or two single likenesses he had gone further than this already. Thirty-five years later, a few months only before the sight of an eye failed him and he dropped his brush for ever, Reynolds painted the portrait of a child, the Hon. Frances Harris, standing in the park with her pet spaniel. This picture is in the exhibition too, lent by Lord Darnley (249). It is a good deal browned and darkened, but all the dirt and varnish cannot hide from us the master at his greatest. The child is a sweet rich-looking creature, with a cherry underlip a little sucked in, and masses of auburn hair in rings about her; she stands with one hand on the head of her dog, and the other, with some folds of her white frock over it, leaned against her hip. Sir Joshua dearly loved children's shoes; see how he has made the shadows play upon the pretty blue and rose-coloured pair in which this little maiden is standing. Parks and landscapes he, in the years of his busy practice, generally left to pupils; but about the design of the background in this there is a sweep and splendour that seem to mark it for his own. Between these two pieces come others of the master, so many that we can hardly notice them severally. To study them is often merely to study the ruins of time, and to wonder, through the changes that have befallen the colouring and mixtures, and the penalties he has paid for his restless chemistry, what aspect the picture wore and how its parts were related to one another when it was new. Here, for instance, is a lady (12) whose eyes remain comparatively alive while her face has gone out altogether, adding a weirdness to the pallor of the gentle countenance, and making the passion-flower which she wears at her bosom seem as though it were put there in mockery. Elsewhere (237) is an animated canvas which seems pure and untouched, but yet shows a quality, in the crude red colour of the guitar the lady holds, which goes ill with her delicate grey gown and cannot possibly have been so meant. There is hardly any vein of Sir Joshua which is not represented. Actresses and demireps—Mrs. Abington, the incarnation of vivacious pug-nosed sauciness, resting her face upon the back of her chair and tapping her tooth with her thumb, while a poodle pup, the pug-nosed saucy caricature of his mistress, nestles in her lap—Kitty Fisher, the

pretty, lazy, pouting wanton dissolving her pearls like Cleopatra—these careless folk are here in the company of many a cherished and high-bred innocence. Perhaps neither the picture of a red-coated boy and his sister from Saltram (24), nor the portrait of a burly little girl feeding chickens from Longford (263), is among his happiest in this kind; perhaps both, with all their skill, are a little artificial and affected. The two noblest things of Reynolds here are certainly the *Hope Nursing Love* (18) and the *Circe* (34). They are both portraits invested in Reynolds's way with a light veil of allegory. Surely Reynolds's sense of a girl's beauty never showed itself more exquisitely than in the darling profile of this Miss Morris playing Hope; surely the tenderness of his heart never devised a more loving action than this of hers with the baby, most human despite its mythologic wings, or sweeter pressures and fondlings than these of his rosy fingers upon her. The *Circe* is Mrs. Nisbett, paler here, no doubt, than when she was first painted, but otherwise the picture is uninjured; and nothing can be more masterly than the quiet sidelong look with which the enchantress asserts her power, nothing more delicate than the way her hand rests upon her lap and lightly holds her wand, nothing creamier and more delicious than the whites of her dress and her attendant cat, nothing lovelier in colour, or painted with more of the rich Venetian touch, than the rose at her bosom or the blue of her waistband.

And thus, as between Gainsborough and Reynolds, we see how they interpret the same phenomena in their time, but interpret them with a difference. What they interpret is not the thoughts and imaginations of the time, not any public ideals it entertained or devotions it was given up to; but the aspects and gestures of its well-to-do men, women, and children. Art is a great leveller, and can sink the most august matters and raise the most trivial. The best poetry and passion an age contains, interpreted by bad art, are worth nothing; the idlest fribbles and courtesans it has, represented by good art, become precious and immortal. In the age of Reynolds and Gainsborough, the character of the English genius was such that ideals got interpreted by art generally very ill, individuals got represented extraordinarily well, and to squire and lady, child and spaniel, soldier, courtesan, and fribble it was given to become on canvas a joy for ever. Gainsborough, an Englishman who had never been out of our England, represented all these as they were, with the temporary tricks of fashion and costume, only giving to every sinner a touch of his own alert humour and vivacity. His peculiar spiritual magic is for the expression of life, breath, and motion; his great technical charm, an airy grace and a silvery bloom and delicacy. Reynolds, who had been to Italy, and whose ambition, if not for himself for his countrymen, was fixed on high art—the art that does not represent individuals, but interpret ideals—Reynolds had a more patient insight into character than Gainsborough, a subtler sense of moods, and his peculiar spiritual magic lies in the discrimination and expression of these. His technical charm lies in a colouring and execution more rich, precious, and glowing when it is preserved, more delicate even in decay, than that of any other painter since the Venetians. He is not content to take life and fashion, like Gainsborough, just as he finds them, he likes to temper portraiture with the traditions of high art by posing his sitters as characters of poetry or history, and to modify the fashions they wear, making them simpler than reality, and, as he thinks, more classic and "general," so that you cannot learn from him, as from Gainsborough, how a dress was really made and worn.

What position Romney holds in the gallery beside these two we will enquire next week, when we shall take him first, and after him, the miscellaneous English artists whose works are in abundance on the walls.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

## THE WORK OF FREDERICK WALKER.

ONE must not be too sure of the justice of the impression which a man's work makes upon one when it is seen as a whole, and apart from other things. Provided that the work be once above a certain level—not necessarily very high—the impression may tend to be unduly favourable. For the work is seen under encouraging conditions. An exhibition room which old habit makes you associate with the so various and so unequal efforts of many men, is filled with the life-long effort of one, and the efforts of one man, however great may have been his transitions, will almost necessarily be more harmonious than the efforts of many. Besides, transitions in artists' work are not often abrupt, and the work, however different the end may be from the beginning, will have, when looked at in the mass, a certain unity. On that wall and on this, the same order of sentiment: a prevalence more or less of the same tone, the same combinations and harmonies of colour. The very repetition of subject in study, sketch, completed picture, helps the effect. You are attuned to the work. You stand for once, as much as an outsider can, at the artist's own stand-point. You submit to his charm. It is "the absent" who are "always wrong;" and the strength of the artist's presence in his collected work, is for the time a little overwhelming.

No art in our day has been fuller of pleasure-giving qualities than the art of Frederick Walker. Nothing is easier than to submit to his charm, and much ecstatic writing has accordingly been the result of special familiarity with all that he has done. At the same time, looked at coolly, little work of our day seems more deserving of ecstasy. His work has nothing harsh in it, and little that is incomplete. Much of it is the idealisation of familiar things; and little of it is without that quality which, with our trick of carrying the requirements of one art into those of another, we describe as poetical feeling. But many men have the feeling: Walker had the means of realising it. That which weaker treatment would have left as "sentimentality," became in his hands "sentiment." Themes rarely in themselves remarkable are rendered noteworthy by his command of expressive lines, his sensitiveness to the most splendid glows and most delicate gradations of colour.

Dying at thirty-five, his death deprived us, no doubt, of a hundred occasions of enjoyment; but probably it deprived him of nothing of his fame. He had much variety, and yet in his variety—of which I shall speak further on—we see already, perhaps, something of the beginning of the end. It might have been none the better for him had he gone on painting his orange-red and red-grey skies, his low-toned shades cast on white draperies by a neighbouring blue, his poised women—reddish copper-coloured, with gold hair—his stalwart balanced labourers; lovely or splendid as these are, each and every one. His fame might not have gained, I say, by the disclosure of which, with all his variety, one sees already the trace; the disclosure that there were bounds to that delightful talent; that it was possible in a sense to know the whole of it, to recognise the thing now done as having been done or hinted at before. All artistic natures but two or three, in a generation, of the very strongest and most abounding, have these limits: just now Mr. Millais, with all his faults, is probably the only man privileged to give you, when he chooses, a surprise of pleasure, by flashing upon you some unsuspected side.

In one picture (represented by the finished oil study No. 38 in the exhibition in Mr. Deschamps' gallery) Walker became dramatic, even tragic, instead of idyllic. *At the Bar* displays to us one lonely and wan figure: a woman, standing in the criminal dock. The white face, highly wrought, yet quite alert and self-controlled, gazes right and left with earnest apprehensiveness and foreboding. In the power of the little scene the painter has

not forgotten a kind of beauty appropriate to it; the finished expressiveness of gesture and harmony of tone are as apparent here as in the light designs for a popular story-teller. A yellow-white kerchief folded over breast and shoulders, above the dotted "bird's-eye" gown of deepest blue, stands out against the brown wainscoted wall and brownly tarnished brass-work of the warning clock which points to near four of the winter afternoon. Life and death are in the balance. But generally the themes chosen are not only less tragical, but less dramatic, or hardly dramatic at all—save where the artist is illustrating with pleasantness and point the fables of the accepted novelists.

It is the idyllic work of Walker which has won the great praise, and has been made already the ground for comparisons between Walker and Mason, Walker and Millet. Walker painted the peasantry: their figures in ploughed field, or village street; their homes, the corners of the garden of the cottage farm, its windows, its red flower-pots side by side, its trailing flowers, the shadows under the outhouse eaves, the kitchen chair, the water-butt. He painted, not pathetic incidents in the life of the workman or woman, but the labourer following the plough, the boy whistling at the horse's head, the little housewife in the back yard, with bent face, lap gathered carefully up, and swift fingers, shelling peas. He painted work.

But he painted it without the austere strength of the Frenchman, Millet, and as he painted it, it was a more cheerful thing. For he looked at it with different eyes from Millet's, who saw in peasant life little beyond the hard labour of the fields—the labour which gives "ampoules" and "maux des reins." With Walker it became often pleasant, always vigour-giving, always grace-giving occupation. His country folk had at times, indeed, too much of an imported grace, for strict reality. He shared with Mason that imported grace, from which in our day only Millet was free, as Turner, though with observation less close and detailed, had been free before him—witness the stunted labourers of *Hedging and Ditching*, the poor crushed creatures of the *Straw Yard*. For the imported grace, look at the girl driving geese down Cookham street (No. 80 in the present exhibition) and at the ferryman in the else irreproachable drawing numbered 68. Such weakness as there is in this last bears a likeness to that in No. 84, *The Gondola*, a water party in Venice, where Walker has not caught the right action of the gondolier, whose feet seem too much to be walking, as he strains and stretches forward with his oars. And to one of his greater pictures a more serious objection is to be made: I mean, the *Right of Way* (No. 39). No country boy of the age here depicted would rush to his sister's arms and the folds of her gown for the approach of so gentle, dignified a sheep, with weak-legged lambs behind it. The time will come when inadequate motive like this will have to be allowed to tell against a picture, charming even as the present one; excuse it as we may in virtue of so delightful a representation of the quiet English country, in March twilight, not without token of storm in the cloud: the stream turning to right and left as it flows gently through the long flat meadow, yellowing with primroses: a narrow field path, now following the stream side, now crossing by a plank bridge the shallow and quiet water, grey-white, with reflections of the cool March sky, and now passing on to where the hamlet-roofs cluster in some slight dip and hollow of the fields, beyond which, under that far grey sky, lie what other undiscovered miles of the quiet land.

But Walker was not confined, on the one hand, to representations of work manly as in the *Plough*, Dutch and dainty as in the *Housewife*, or, on the other hand, to visions of landscape, solemn as in the *Mushroom Gatherers*—rough, rising land, against a blue night sky—or placid and gentle as in this *Right of Way*. Indeed, in this *Right of*

*Way* itself, as has been hinted, the motive was rather the graceful grouping of sister and child; the landscape's importance and value (as studies, which I have seen, show) grew on the painter as he worked. A very gentle humour in this *Right of Way* finds its complement in the gentle tenderness of *The Harbour of Refuge*, perhaps on the whole, the most various, the richest, the best considered, the most satisfying of the artist's works. It is an enclosed place somewhere in the sunny and south-eastern corner of England—an almshouse garden—from which the struggle of life is banished. Years ago Mr. Millais painted what he called *The Vale of Rest*. But that bitter and strenuous genius depicted as the Vale of Rest a convent garden, with two nuns digging graves; and the thing sought to be represented being much the same, it is worth considering how curiously contrasted were the treatments that presented themselves to the minds of the two men. *The Harbour of Refuge*, seen and admired not long since at the Academy, needs neither praise nor long description. The pathos of the walking figures in the foreground—the girl tempering her steps to the decrepit gait of the aged—the calm beauty of the sitting group resting on the garden seat, the noble design of the mowing figure sweeping his scythe over the flower-sprinkled lawn under the blossoming apple tree—these things are very visible, and one must note too the quite splendid harmonies of colour on quaint red roof, echoed here and there again, and subtly repeated with what could only be the finest sensitiveness of eye, and that guided, too, by a mind not without some rising and unsuspected play of delicate imaginations in these things.

Inventiveness in design and sensitiveness so great that it becomes almost inventiveness too, in colour—these are perhaps after all the qualities which are the source of so much excellence and charm in Walker's work. In *The Bathers* a noble and elaborate design is, so to say, the motive and reason of the picture. In technical draftsmanship Walker was not entirely strong or accomplished. Right action and descriptive gesture he got often: oftener than perfection in pure draftsmanship; and in nobility and elaboration of design, with spontaneity of movement, *The Bathers* stands alone.

The general charm of his colour—passing now to that—is absent from hardly any of his works, though, as I hinted at the outset, he affects certain tones, and the presence of these in something like monotony, though in exquisite delicacy and richness, begins to be apparent before the end. In such a little picture as the *Housewife*—the girl shelling peas in the corner of the courtyard near against the water-butt and the five flower-pots of various red—colour, the delight in colour for colour's sake, for its reflections, its subtle interchangings, its glow and vanishing over this and that prosaic object of daily and familiar use, seems to be the motive; and one can hardly see any other motive, certainly no less worthy one, in the best interiors or court-yard pictures of the Dutch school. Yet any kind of connexion between even the best Dutch school and this fine subtle observer of common things in our day, would probably be denied. But De Hooghe and Nicholas Maas, with their grave interiors, so tranquilly alive with the beautiful or solemn aspects of familiar things, can no more have painted pots and pans for literal transcript than did Walker in the *Housewife*. The one and the other worked, we may be sure, with infinite and enkindled delight: poets so far as that each in these familiar things knew where the charm precisely lurked—chose the moment and chose the combination. FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MESSRS. HENRY S. KING AND CO. will publish in the coming spring season a volume of stories for children, by Miss Mary Lewis, niece of the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis. It will be entitled, *A Rat with Three Tales*, and the stories will be illustrated.



## A DISCOVERY AT LAIBACH.

Trieste: December 30, 1875.

On Tuesday evening, December 23, Baron Carl von Czernig (fils) lectured upon a prehistoric or protohistoric collection from Carniola. The site of the find is a turbary about one hour's walk south of Laibach (Lubiana), near Brunnndorf; the date of discovery is July 1875; and the lucky explorers were Signor Peruzzi (proprietor) and a local guide. When digging a ditch to drain the road in the *tourbière* which surrounds Laibach, the labourers, at from five to six feet below the surface, came upon the remains, of which about two-thirds were stolen and sold to strangers. The piles number some 2,000; they are mostly of elm and oak; a few are of pine, and none show signs of burning. The discovery was reported to M. Carl Deschmann, custos of the museum, Laibach, and the building was soon crammed with specimens.

Baron von Czernig exhibited hatchets, daggers, scrapers, and needles of stag's horn, some of the hatchets unfinished, and showing marks of the drill by means of heated quartz. The animal must have abounded, as remains of some two hundred skeletons were found in an area of 600 square fathoms. A few lance-heads and arrow-piles of silex and hornblende, two small axes of polished serpentine, grinding stones, and five bronzes (sword, knife, pin, &c.), serve to fix the comparative date. Man supplied only an old jaw with worn teeth: apparently he had not eaten grain. Small pots of black clay, plain and rudely ornamented with points and lines, and in shape not unlike those of the Istrian Castinieri, contained kernels of the *Cornus mas* and *Crataegus* (apple-wort); husks of the hazel-nut; *Vallisneria spiralis* seeds (see "Loves of the Plants"); and abundant remains of the *Trapa natans* (water chestnut), suggesting that the catnap was the staff of life. So Pliny (xxii. 12), "Thracæ qui ad Strymon habitant, equos foliis tribuli (*T. natans*) saginant; ipsi nucleos vescunt panem facientes prædulcem." Our mistranslations read "very agreeable." Apparently this "rude Carniolian" did not want meat; three species of "beef" were found, *B. primigenius*, aurochs (*B. urus*), and a third not yet determined. The mutton shows a wild, long-legged type. The dogs' skulls are all old and unbroken, proving that man did not eat his best friend. The boar and the goat, the wolf, the lynx, and the beaver (very common) are those of our day; on the other hand, the badger is the *M. spelæus*, with stronger jaw and smaller brain-pan than the modern and more intellectual animal.

Strangers are advised not to visit the site in the rainy season, which floods the ground. They will find in Herr Deschmann a most able demonstrator, and the custos, who has some 150 specimens of horn hammers, is perhaps ready to make exchanges of duplicates with other museums.

R. F. BURTON.

## ART SALES.

THE Zimmermann sale at the Salle Drouot finished on the 24th ult. A clock of boule marquetry, richly mounted and chased in bronze, period Louis XIV., 2,000 fr.; large clock, period Louis XIV., copper marquetry, on tortoiseshell, with a figure of Amphitrite in her car, 1,010 fr.; commode, period Regency, of Chinese lacquer, decorated with birds and landscapes in gold relief, 565 fr.; bureau, period Louis XV., of rosewood, with borders and bold mouldings of copper and bronze, 2,500 fr.; Beauvais tapestry, Diana and Endymion, period Louis XIV., 840 fr.; and its companion, Endymion presenting a boar's head to Diana, 850 fr.; six seats and backs for arm-chairs in old tapestry, subjects figures, 1,020 fr.; magnificent Renaissance stall, carved walnut, with three seats, from the palace of the Dukes of Savoy, 3,050 fr.; stall, François I<sup>er</sup>, in walnut, 1,850 fr.; another, same period, carved oak, 800 fr.; Dutch stall with canopy,

carved wood, sixteenth century, 1,510 fr.; Gothic credence, carved oak, with arched canopy, 965 fr.; walnut cabinet in two divisions, model Jean Goujon, period Henri II., 2,200 fr.; another, after Jean Goujon, 950 fr.; cabinet, monumental form, carved oak, model Du Cerceaux, 600 fr.; a coffer in two pieces, carved walnut, style Louis XIII., 585 fr.; Renaissance table of rectangular form, walnut wood, 710 fr.; walnut-wood bed with carved head and foot-board, 775 fr.; large Renaissance portico, carved oak, 1,180 fr.; the Vision of the Magi, a Gothic panel of the sixteenth century, carved, painted, and gilt, 610 fr.; three panels of carved wood representing the crowned salamanders of François I<sup>er</sup> from the château of Blois, 600 fr.; two female Italian caryatides, 1,000 fr.; Italian sword of the sixteenth century, with rich incrustations of silver, 3,650 fr.; Dutch copper lustre in three tiers and twenty-four lights, 550 fr.; Renaissance tapestry representing Oedipus and the Sphinx, 2,050 fr.; fine mantelpiece, period Louis XIII., carved oak, 1,300 fr.; carved fittings for a room, period Louis XV., with portraits over each door of the Enfants de France, attributed to Mignard, 3,880 fr.; twelve panels of woodwork, carved oak, 1,260 fr.; large Burgundian coffer of carved walnut, period Henri IV., 580 fr.; chest of carved walnut, representing five figures in high relief under Gothic arches, fifteenth century; console, Louis XV., carved open work, 655 fr. This sale produced nearly 150,000 fr. (6,000*l.*).

On December 27 a collection of marbles was sold, among which were: bust of Our Saviour, by Clésinger, 1,650 fr.; a female, costume of the Renaissance, with its companion, Dufaure de Broussé, the two, 4,440 fr.; Sili, white marble statuette, 2,250 fr.; Mignon, statuette, 2,900 fr.; marble group of bacchantes and satyrs, by Lebroc, 5,100 fr.; two sphynxes, monumental statues in marble, by Eugène Prat, 3,900 fr.; Torquato Tasso, by Torelli, statue, 5,300 fr. The sale produced 45,000 fr.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

So astonishing are the results already obtained by the German excavators at Olympia, that we hardly know where to set limits to our expectations. On December 15 and 16 the statue of Victory was discovered which Paeonios, the sculptor from Mende, in Thrace, made for the Messenians in Naupaktos, not in reality to commemorate their victory over the Akarnanians and Oeniadeans, as it purported to do, but to commemorate their taking part with the Athenians in the memorable struggle at the Island of Sphakteria against the Lacedæmonians, whose name they were afraid to inscribe on the pedestal. Such is the statement of Pausanias (v. 26, 1), and it will remain to be seen how far the actual inscription on the base, parts of which are already found, will confirm him. The sculpture of the figure of Victory is described as of extraordinary beauty, and it will be very interesting when photographs and casts have been obtained from this and the other sculptures by Paeonios discovered a few days after, to test the theory which we understand will be one of the features in the new history of Greek art by Brunn, that Pheidias was largely influenced by the Thracian school of sculpture which would naturally be represented by Paeonios. On December 22 the excavations had been carried forward to the east front of the great temple of Zeus, and from this time, so constantly has the attention of the two leaders of the expedition (G. Hirschfeld and A. Bötticher) been engrossed with the uncovering of fresh sculptures, that they have been able to send only fragmentary notices of the finding by telegram. We know from Pausanias (v. 10, 8) that the sculptures in the east (front) pediment of the temple were by Paeonios, while those on the west were by Alkamenes, the pupil of Pheidias, and it is curious to find stated as is reported, on the inscribed base of Victory

mentioned above, that in a competition regarding the sculpture of the temple, Paeonios had been declared the winner, which appears to mean that his designs had been accepted for the front of the temple, while that of Alkamenes was relegated to the west pediment. The design of Paeonios represented Oenomaos and Pelops, each with their chariots and attendants preparing for the race. Between them, in the centre of the pediment, sat Zeus as umpire. The two corners of the pediment were occupied—as on the western pediment of the Parthenon—by two reclining figures of river-gods, the rivers personified in this case being the Kladeos and the Alpheios. One of these two figures, with the head quite uninjured, has been found towards the left side of the front where, from the description of Pausanias, the Kladeos would be expected. It is described as scarcely over life-size, and of surpassing beauty. The torso of Zeus, one of the charioteers, and a male torso belonging to this pediment have also been found, while a fortunate beginning has been made among the ruins of the west pediment by the discovery of an entire figure. The subject here was the fight between the Lapithæ and Centaurs at the marriage of Peirithoos. In the metopes, six in front and six behind, were sculptured the twelve labours of Herakles, but by whom is not said. While some suppose the metopes to have been the work of a local Peloponnesian artist, Brunn is of opinion that, judging from the style of the fragments in Paris, the sculptor must have belonged to the Thracian school. Parts of two of these metopes were discovered by the French in their excavations on the site of this temple in 1829 (*Expédition de la Morée*, i. pl. 74-78), and are now in the Louvre. The temple of Zeus, where these excavations are now being conducted, is said to have been destroyed by fire in the beginning of the 5th century A.D., and with this fire probably also perished the great chryselephantine statue of Zeus by Pheidias which, from its size, appears to have baffled the cupidity of Caligula, who proposed to set it up in Rome. The temple itself was of the Doric order, and made of the stone of the district.

*Picturesque Europe* is the title of a new illustrated work which has been for some years in preparation and is now about to make its appearance. It will be a description of the most picturesque scenes in Great Britain and on the Continent, illustrated by steel plates and engravings on wood from original drawings specially made for the work by several of our leading artists. *Picturesque Europe* will be published in monthly parts by Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin, and the first part will appear in February.

THE collection of engravings of the late Vicomte du Bus de Gisignies is to be sold at Brussels, on Monday, February 7, and five following days, at M. F. J. Olivier's, 11 Rue des Paroissiens.

WE hear that Mr. W. B. Scott has been asked to write an introductory essay for the catalogue which is being prepared in anticipation of the forthcoming exhibition of the works of Blake at the Burlington Fine Arts Club.

M. BONNAT has just finished the sketch, says *L'Art*, of his grand picture of the *Flagellation of Christ*.

THE exhibition for the sufferers from the inundations in the South of France, so long delayed, was at last opened on January 3 at the Cercle des Amis des Arts, rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. The sale is to take place on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of January. It is said that many most excellent works have been contributed, and that there is no doubt that the sale will fully realise the expectations it has excited. One franc is charged for admission to the exhibition, and probably a considerable sum will be gained in this way.

THE German papers announce the death of Johann Geyer, a *genre* painter of considerable reputation in Germany. Like Terburg he was

especially fond of introducing a white satin dress into his pictures. The death is also recorded of the painter Adolf Schrödter, for many years professor in the Polytechnic at Karlsruhe.

THE death is announced, on New-year's eve, of the Norwegian landscape painter, C. Schöyen, one of the most prominent of the younger Scandinavian artists. His earliest training was under Eckersberg, and afterwards he studied under Gude; but of late years he had taken quite an independent position. He was esteemed an able colourist, and a powerfully realistic interpreter of nature.

THE town of Kassel is about to set up a war memorial in the shape of a large bronze eagle. The bird has been most excellently modelled, it is said, by the sculptor Brandt, and has been successfully cast in bronze.

A COMMITTEE has been formed from among the numerous admirers and friends of the late painter Chintreuil, for the purpose of erecting a bust to him in his native town. The Minister of Public Instruction has promised the marble for it.

THE King of Bavaria has offered a prize for the best design for a drawing-room lamp to burn petroleum. The height is not to exceed from sixty to seventy centimètres, and the material is to be metal, which, however, may be decorated with other substances, such as ivory, marble, &c.

ACCORDING to a new decision of the Council of Administration, the Exhibition of the Union Centrale will not be opened before August 1 next, and will close on November 21. For twenty days in November the Exhibition will be free.

THE workmen and inhabitants of Creusot have resolved to erect a monument to the memory of Schneider. So popular is the scheme that the subscription list is already signed by more than 25,000 persons.

THE Ames Works, in Massachusetts, have cast the "Navy Group" for the Lincoln Monument at Springfield.

PRINCE CHARLES OF PRUSSIA has, through his adjutant, Major von Prithwitz-Gaffron, who is well known as a zealous archaeologist, presented to the Brandenburg Museum at Berlin an interesting collection of prehistoric and mediæval antiquities belonging to the Brandenburg Mark. Among the four hundred and odd specimens of which the collection consists, there are several very perfect bronze weapons and ornaments belonging to the Frankish and Merovingian periods, and some urns which were found in the last century near Ruppin.

In Germany, as in other countries, women have long been counted among the best writers of fiction, but strangely enough they have not made art a profession there as elsewhere, and the Vienna papers, in recording the recent death of Fräulein Minna Weitmann, daughter of the sculptor Joseph Weitmann, state that she was the only feminine representative of plastic art at Vienna. Fräulein Weitmann, who has died at an early age, twice obtained the gold prize-medal at the exhibitions in the Imperial Academy of Arts, and had acquired considerable reputation by her flower and bird-groups in marble and biscuit.

In the church of St. Lambert at Düsseldorf, where an admirable fresco was lately discovered on a wall from which the plaster had been removed, the discovery has now been made of the long-lost stone statue, popularly known as "The Blue Margaret." This figure, which represents Margaret, daughter and heiress of the last male representative of the princely house of Windeck and Berg, who died in 1384, stood till the beginning of the present century in a niche against the wall of the north transept of the church, where the bright colour of the robes made the statue a conspicuous object, and secured for it its familiar designation. In 1816 the figure

disappeared, and nothing seems to have been generally known of its whereabouts till it was discovered a short time since within the vault of the Berg family, where it had been deposited on the grave of Duke Wilhelm of Cleves and Juliers. It would appear from the records of the church that the statue had originally been recumbent, with two dogs at its feet, but had, in the course of time, been removed from the monument or sarcophagus on which it lay, and been set upright against the wall of the church.

M. BOUGUEREAU has been elected a member by the Académie des Beaux-Arts, in the place of the late M. Pils.

THE Berlin Museum authorities have bought the Manfrini Giorgione, called or misnamed *The Family of Giorgione*, and described in Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's *North Italian Painting*, vol. ii. p. 136. They have also purchased the "Raphael" of the Patrizi collection at Rome, which is in reality a splendid portrait assignable to Francia Bigio; and, from the same collection, a small Signorelli (round), and a portrait attributed to Sebastiano del Piombo.

## THE STAGE.

MR. HATTON'S "CLYTIE."

*Clytie* is a subject to touch delicately, with the tips of one's fingers. Mr. Hatton, its author, has thought it desirable to bring out with it an *apologia*—a *piece justificative*—in which after first averring that only the mere scaffolding of a famous scandal of the police courts has been used by him in his drama, and in his novel from which the drama is taken, he goes on to allege that if instead of using the "mere scaffolding" he had worked up the materials of the case, he would have been justified by many illustrious examples. He tells us—but we all knew it before—that some of the greatest (or as we should prefer to say most popular) novelists of England and France have "sought inspiration from episodes of real life found in the newspapers and the public records." But the principle is one thing: and its particular application another. Mr. Hatton has fortunately not done that which he has claimed the right to do. Had he availed himself of what in his *piece justificative* he asserts to be his right, and invented less and borrowed more, in *Clytie*, he might have remained strictly unassailable. We are not concerned to discuss it. Enough to know that at all events, in that case, good feeling and good taste would not have been his portion.

*Clytie* is divided into five parts, which are not precisely the same as acts. One part contains only one scene; another contains three or four. The first two parts are really both of the nature of prologue, and between the second and third there is an interval of seven years. The story proper is worked out to its end in the third, fourth, and fifth parts. The two earlier parts furnish the material out of which the structure of the rest is built. We shall tell the story in a little detail, because the drama is one in which the story is everything. The story has improbabilities, but even with these, it is the story alone which rivets attention. There is, of course, more merit and more various merit in dramatic work which has other qualities than this Wilkie Collins one, of riveting a useless curiosity. The charm of sentiment, the play of dialogue, the serious development of character are, to many of us, more fascinating things. But no conviction of the superiority of these—and their superiority, moreover, is less in the acted drama than in the novel to be read—should blind us to what is a distinct achievement: the power of riveting attention by an adroitly planned story. Something of that power is certainly Mr. Hatton's.

*Clytie* is the pet name of one Mary Waller, the granddaughter of a now childless man, who is organist of the Cathedral at Durham.

The old man dotes on her, and jealously guards her. But without his knowledge, she has become involved in an affair with Philip Ransford—a cashiered soldier who has cheated at cards. He knows her to be, not the illegitimate daughter of a peer whom her grandfather believes her to be, but the lawful child of that peer and of old Waller's daughter whom the peer had privately married. She is therefore—should Ransford choose to assert the facts—a lady in her own right and a woman of fortune. To profit by his knowledge he proposes to marry her; and, bringing his own experience of selfishly successful love-making to bear against all her confidence and *naïveté*, he has not failed to get her to give him rendezvous and to write him letters which, without being disgraceful, are nevertheless compromising. Old Waller knows his character, and has forbidden him the house. He takes to the garden instead, and there, on Clytie's birthday, after she has received an offering of the Roman bust from her fellow students in the Art School of the town, Ransford meets her alone, and pleads with her, and she, though in her heart preferring the personage known to sentimentalists as "another," has not the decision to take quick steps with him and to send him away. Before she quite knows her own mind, or can act upon it, the aged Mr. Waller appears on the scene, and, after quarrelsome words, there ensues a struggle, in which the grandfather is knocked down and stunned. The ever ready carriage which waits upon romantic endeavours of the kind is at hand, and Ransford succeeds in bearing off Clytie to the Durham station, to King's Cross, and finally to his rooms in Piccadilly.

The second part opens in those rooms: the stage divided into two chambers. On the couch in the inner room lies Clytie in a state of *coma*. The curious investigator might possibly have something to say as to a condition which allows the young woman to remain for a couple of days and nights in her walking boots, and makes it natural that she should retain the shawl which was wrapped round her shoulders in Durham. But however much this phenomenon may strike the curious investigator, it does not occasion great surprise to the facile physician, Dr. Bond, who is summoned by Ransford to restore her. The doctor has but just gone when she awakes, attended as she has been from the instant of her arrival, by that good-hearted kitchen wench whose excellences in the like occasion are not precisely new to us—she awakes, and has thought enough to despatch that messenger to her honest young lover, Tom Mayfield, whose prospects of money and position are (one must here remark parenthetically) better than she thinks. While the kitchen wench is away on her errand, Ransford argues and pleads with and threatens Clytie. He tells her first that he loves her, and next—as a crowning proof—that no one but himself can marry her after she has been for a couple of days at his rooms in Piccadilly. But neither argument is successful, and she claims to be released, and finally pulls at the bell and shrieks at the window, as his manner indicates personal brutality, and at that moment the kitchen wench returns with Tom Mayfield; the heroine is safe; Ransford defeated.

In the third part—in one sense the beginning of the drama proper, to the action of which the scenes of these earlier parts have led up—Clytie has married Mayfield and Mayfield is Lord St. Barnard, and the man and wife have a child of six years old—one Percy Weardale, prettily played by a little girl-actress, and destined to furnish to the drama its lachrymose element as well as some of its not too abundant mirthfulness. It is not explained why Ransford was allowed to get off so easily seven years ago. He had letters of Clytie's, it is true, which, as we said, were compromising but not disgraceful. Probably it was felt even then, that with the facile physician and the disappeared maid servant—for the faithful



kitchen-girl can be heard of no more—things might be made to look bad for Lady St. Barnard. At all events he is destroying her comfort now, and undermining her position. Charged with fraud and criminal libel, he assails her chastity, and has spread abroad that about her which induces a royal *entrepreneur* to dispense with her attendance at an afternoon party at Chiswick. He has made a statutory declaration, and Clytie must appear at the police court and endure the tender suggestions of a lawyer rich in the traditions of the Old Bailey. The police court scene is the central and most effective scene in the drama. That it is a strong thing, in its own way, on the stage, Mr. Hatton is right in thinking. At the same time, though the words are inoffensive, the suggestions are such as will debar the author from claiming that his work is designed *virginibus puerisque*. The restaurant in Piccadilly, the public gardens in a south-western suburb, and the manner of their mention by the cross-examining advocate, are not necessarily beyond the line which varying habits of society make it now proper and now improper to approach, but these things, like the French *feuilleton*, are not for the very young. The good taste of them is at least doubtful. Nor can it be said that they are, as they might very naturally have been, the pivot of the drama. Clytie is not broken down as she well might be, by the posing of those suggestive questions due to the ingenuity of an Old Bailey practitioner. It is only when she is confronted by the physician, whom nothing in the heavens or the earth can surprise or disconcert, that she breaks down, and not only leaves the court but prepares to leave her husband.

Again, this determination to leave her husband seems a forced thing in the story. She was innocent, and her husband believed her so, and yet she planned to throw her whole life up, like a bad hand at cards—to leave husband and child, and that for no possible refuge. For though it is true that the old organist, her grandfather, has been dodging her steps with the fidelity, and now almost with the tenderness, with which Peggoty tracked Little Em'ly in the great master's novel, it is true also that she does not know even of his present existence—he had disappeared after he had received the blow from Ransford, thinking then that she had willingly eloped with him, and afterwards, when from a corner of the church he had seen her married to Tom Mayfield, strangely neglecting to discover himself to her, and withdraw the curse which he had unnecessarily bestowed on her at Durham.

It is not needful to follow in detail the subsequent course of the story, which nevertheless contains several telling points, and situations which are welcomed by the public. The very end is an anti-climax, and we pass on to it briefly. Before Lord St. Barnard (Tom Mayfield) knows of his wife's flight, his family lawyer has arranged that Lady St. Barnard shall be whitewashed. In a cottage on the Long Reach at Erith, the family solicitor will have an interview with the Old Bailey cross-examiner and with Philip Ransford, who immediately afterwards will take ship for Holland. Ten thousand pounds—to be shared by the cross-examiner and Ransford—is to be the price at which Ransford will leave a written confession that with regard to Lady Ransford he had lied from beginning to end. His own lawyer will appear in court and be properly indignant with his defaulting client, and express to Lady St. Barnard all the regrets in his power. So things are arranged; but Lord St. Barnard having an old score to settle with Philip Ransford, seeks him out in the lonely house on the Long Reach at Erith, and proposes to fight with him there. Justice is satisfied, in the eyes of the public, when Ransford falls a victim to Lord St. Barnard's shot. The peer however appears to have acted unwisely, for Ransford has still strength to burn the written confession which was to have cleared the lady. The Old Bailey

lawyer whom Ransford had attacked upon the question of dividing shares in the spoil, appears at the window, and announces as a last happy surprise to the public that the confession burnt was but a copy. All will still be well. The anti-climax is in the fifth part, which, though brief, is feeble. The unhappy wife has reached Durham; her grandfather, her husband, and her child are restored to her, but the absence of action in this part—compensated for by no development of character or charm of dialogue, which it would be late to look for—tells distinctly against the effectiveness of the end.

Clytie is the only attempt, apparently, at character drawing, and the character here is tolerably familiar. An affectionate but ambitious girl, who does not know her own mind to begin with, and is misled by appearances instead of guided by facts: we have met that ghost of a young woman only too often already in life and in literature. The hero, Lord St. Barnard, is a very good young man: and doubtless if one could believe it, as common an acquaintance. The aged Mr. Waller is without characteristics, except those of dogmatic affection and dogged pertinacity. The family lawyer is to be found each side of Lincoln's Inn. The Old Bailey practitioner is an effective caricature, rendered still better, not, indeed, by the make-up and the habitual cringe, both of which are extravagant, but by the excellent action and excellent intonation of Mr. Odell. The villain Ransford, who cheats at cards, ruins women, shrinks from no violence till the end, and plays tricks even with his legal adviser, is one of those deep-dyed ruffians whose presence it would be a slander to suspect in the civilised world; they are confined, of course, to the East End of London, and principally to the melodramas of its theatres.

The acting of the piece is, on the whole, sufficiently good. Miss Henrietta Hodson, who plays the heroine, has little that is as fitted to bring out her talent as was her last important part—that of the Bohemian heroine of the clever tale *Ought We to Visit Her?* On the other hand, she does not avail herself quite so fully as then of the opportunities that are given her. Her performance is unequal. In the opening scene—that in the Durham garden—where great *naïveté* is required, she is at moments simple and at moments sophisticated. Her early lines are spoken with appropriate joy, but she hardly maintains this expression where it should still be maintained. Failing a little now and again in specially illustrative action—as in the police court scene, where a subtlety, of which the actress is quite capable, is somewhat to be desired—she never fails in *savoir faire*. As a whole, the sympathies of the audience are with her, though she is without great opportunities.

The ruffian Ransford is very well played by Mr. Alfred Nelson, who not only gives himself the appearance of recklessness of feeling and of long and skilfully ordered debauchery, but expresses many shades of meaning and intention—irritability, impatience, baffled effort, sudden decision—with considerable success. Mr. Volaire is an amiable grandfather, and Mr. Macklin, who appears here for the first time, is a sufficiently agreeable looking young man. The sympathetic housekeeper—a personage we have not needed to name—is played pleasantly and intelligently, and the heroic servant-maid, who would no more leave Clytie by herself in Ransford's apartment than Mrs. Micawber would desert Mr. Micawber when her "family" had nothing to give her, finds some favour with the audience.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE changes we announced in last week's number as then imminent, have all been carried out, and there has been a general cry of Change places at several of the less distinguished theatres. One new piece has been produced besides the long drama entitled *Clytie*. This shorter piece which

now concludes the entertainment at the Court Theatre is called *A Quiet Rubber*, and it owes its origin to a little French piece, in which, years ago, the eminent actor Lesueur appeared. It is a story of quarrel and harmless intrigue, and a son gives his father a dose of chloroform in order that he may effect a special and harmless purpose of his own. That the piece has not gained by adaptation may be judged not only from the fact of the somewhat different views of filial obligation prevalent in England and France, but from the following invocation addressed by the sensitive son to the insensible parent: "Forgive me," the son says, "if I dare thus to arrest even for a few moments the current of your existence." The piece affords an opportunity for the realistic method of Mr. Hare, in finished little portraiture of modern life, to be advantageously exercised.

MR. SOTHERS'S benefit and the presentation of *Garrick* is fixed for to-night.

ON Monday Miss Neilson will be seen at the Haymarket as Juliet.

FEBRUARY 5, it is said, is the day now looked forward to for the production at the Lyceum Theatre of *Othello*.

WE have received news from Paris of the great success of a new drama at the Odéon; a success in its way as marked, says our correspondent, as that of the bright comedy *La Maitresse Légitime* about a year ago. *Danicheff*, the new serious piece, is the combined work of a distinguished Russian and M. Alexandre Dumas. Its origin is curious. A play was some time ago submitted to M. Dumas by a stranger—the distinguished Russian. M. Dumas was indulgent enough to examine it, and he found it impossible for presentation, but full of excellent stage motives. He suggested many alterations, and sent the piece back to its author. In due time the author reappeared with the piece entirely reworked. Dumas offered it, and it was of course immediately accepted. We shall, next week, give some account of its subject. Meanwhile it suffices to chronicle its success, and the admirable acting of Mdle. Hélène Petit as the heroine.

## MUSIC.

THE Monday Popular Concerts were resumed at St. James's Hall on Monday evening last, when Mdle. Marie Krebs and Signor Piatti made their first appearance during the present season. The programme consisted entirely of works which had already been repeatedly heard on previous occasions at these concerts, and included Beethoven's quartett in D, Op. 18, No. 3, Haydn's quartett in F, Op. 77, No. 2, Handel's "Suite de Pièces" in E major, containing the popular variations on the "Harmonious Blacksmith," and Mendelssohn's sonata in D, Op. 58, for piano and violoncello. It is as needless to dwell in detail on music so well known as it is to reiterate the opinion often previously expressed in these columns as to the admirable pianoforte playing of Mdle. Krebs, or the masterly performance of Signor Piatti, the prince of violoncellists. The rendering of Mendelssohn's sonata by these two artists was, as might be expected, one of the special features of the evening, the *scherzo* being redemanded. The leader of the quartetts was Herr Straus, one of the safest and most satisfactory violinists now before the public, and the parts of second violin and viola were sustained, as usual, by Messrs. L. Ries and Zerbini. Miss Sophie Löwe was the vocalist, and Sir Julius Benedict the conductor. For Monday next a very interesting programme is offered, including Dussek's "Retour à Paris" sonata (better known in this country as the "Plus Ultra") to be played by Mdle. Krebs, and Gernsheim's pianoforte trio in F.

THE Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace will be resumed this afternoon.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* announces that the following appointments have been made to professorships in the new Training School for Music at South Kensington:—Pianoforte, Herr Pauer; organ, Dr. Stainer; singing, Signor Visetti; violin, Mr. Carrodus; and composition, Mr. Arthur Sullivan. It also states that the last-named gentleman has been chosen as Principal of the institution.

THE death is announced of Mr. Simon W. Waley, a well-known amateur pianist and composer, at the age of 48.

THE Duchess of Edinburgh being prevented from opening the Royal Aquarium this day week, as was at first expected, her place will be taken by the Duke.

MR. ALFRED HOLMES's symphony *Jeanne d'Arc*, which has been heard at the Crystal Palace concerts, is to be performed on May 7 next, at Orleans, by desire of Mgr. Dupanloup, on the occasion of the festival projected in honour of the heroine in that city.

AFTER a long delay, the Cressent prize at Paris has been awarded. The late M. Cressent, who died a few years since, left by his will funds from the interest of which a prize of 2,500 francs was to be offered for the best opera by a young French composer, while a further sum of 10,000 francs was set apart towards the expense of producing the successful work at one of the Parisian theatres. For the first competition the judges were MM. Ambroise Thomas, Victor Massé, François Bazin, Ernest Reyer, Ernest Boulanger, and Paul Bernard. The libretto to be set to music was *Bathylle*, by Edouard Blau. Fifty-four works were sent in; and it is now announced that the successful composer is M. Guillaume Chaumette. M. Chaumette was born in 1842 at Bordeaux, where his first opera, *Idea*, was produced with much success, being represented some thirty times. In 1872 he tried his fortune on the Parisian stage with an operetta, *Le Pêché de Gêronde*, which, though its talent was admitted by public and critics, failed. Chaumette then devoted himself exclusively to further study, and, as the result, is rewarded by gaining the prize on the present occasion.

SPONTINI's *Vestale* has been revived at the Apollo Theatre, Rome, with only partial success, owing to imperfect execution.

It is said that Richard Wagner has already found a publisher for his not yet completed opera *Parzival*. The publishing house of J. Gutmann in Vienna are named as the purchasers of the copy-right.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN is expected shortly in Leipzig on the occasion of the performance of his oratorio *Das verlorne Paradies*, and has promised his assistance at the concert to be given in the Gewandhaus for the benefit of the Orchestral Benevolent Fund.

M. JULES DE SWERT, the violoncellist, who visited London some little time since, has, it is said, accepted an engagement with Mr. Mapleson for a concert-tour.

FRANZ LISZT is engaged on the composition of a new oratorio, the score of which is already approaching completion.

HERR JAUNER, the director of the opera at Vienna, has addressed a very sensible report to the authorities, in which he says how desirable it is that in future every work by a living writer produced at the theatre should be put on the stage under the immediate superintendence of the composer, for the determination of the stage details, the *tempi* of the music, &c., and that strict orders be given to the stage-managers that these directions are carried out. In this way the traditions of the Vienna opera will be maintained. A

commencement has already been made with Verdi and Wagner; others are to follow.

At the beginning of December a new opera, *Sardanapalus*, by A. S. Faminzin, was produced at St. Petersburg. The libretto is founded on Byron's tragedy of the same name.

THE prize lately offered by the Russian Musical Society at St. Petersburg for the best comic opera has been awarded to P. Tschaikowsky for his opera, *Wakul, the Smith*.

THE death is announced from Paris of M. Deloffre, first conductor of the Opéra Comique. He occupied the same post at the Théâtre Lyrique from 1854 to 1868, when he succeeded M. Tilmant at the Opéra Comique, which post he held to the time of his death.

THE friends and admirers of Mr. Henry Holmes, the eminent violinist, have arranged a series of musical evenings for the playing of quartets and quintets by Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Haydn, and Mozart. Brahms' sextet in B flat will also be given. The concerts will take place in the studio of Mr. Henry Holiday, Oak Tree House, Hampstead, beginning Wednesday evening, January 26, at 8.15 P.M. Messrs. F. Amor, A. Burnett, W. H. Hann, Charles Ould, and Signor Pezze will support Mr. Holmes.

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